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Horns of a Day



BY

A. M. THOMSON



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THE POEMS OF A DAY;

A COLLECTION OF

FUGITIVE POEMS WRITTEN AMID THE
CARES AND LABORS OF DAILY
JOURNALISM.

— BY —

A. M. THOMSON,

Editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Over all life broods POESY, like the calm blue sky, with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the great reformer, and where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail."—LOWELL.

MILWAUKEE:
SENTINEL PRINTING COMPANY.
1873.



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TO

THE EDITORIAL FRATERNITY OF WISCONSIN

THIS VOLUME, IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY ONE

WHO HAS SPENT THE BEST AND HAPPIEST PORTION OF HIS
LIFE

IN JOURNALISTIC WORK.

759835



INTRODUCTORY.

THERE is one class of critics that will be likely to judge leniently of this little volume. I refer to those gentlemen who are themselves, like the Author, charged with the responsibility of conducting a daily newspaper, and know from actual experience how little time can possibly be snatched from the pressing duties of such employment for literary pursuits. Especially will this be the case with that critic who has been himself a worshipper at the shrine of the Muses, and knows how shy they are, and how ready to flee from the noise and bustle of the world, to seek a more congenial retreat in Nature's solitude. When Mr. Pickwick spoke of the poetic quality possessed by Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Jingle replied: "So have I—Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir." This is truly Pickwickian, but it is altogether at variance with the experience of most other people. The poems in this collection were mostly written in the hurry and confusion that are inseparably connected with the responsibilities

of daily journalism, and some of them had their growth stimulated by that unceasing cry for "copy," which ought to be an excuse for their manifest imperfections.

There are certain conditions of body, moods of mind, and surrounding circumstances, that must be favorable before the poet feels that his time has come to produce his best work. A man may make a brilliant stump speech in a crowd, or ably argue the case of his client in a thronged court-room, or debate a bill in Congress with the first men of the nation; but under no such conditions can the poet invoke the Muses, any more than he can pluck the stars from their orbits in the heavens. The divine afflatus never descends upon a man amid the noise of a multitude, but in the stillness of solitude, as the dew refreshes and fertilizes the flowers only in the hush and quiet of the night. The poet's most fruitful season is one of comparative leisure, of slow coming to maturity, as the peach ripens its scarlet cheek in the sun; and it is as impossible to hurry him to advantage to his work, as it is to hurry the ripening grain, or the coming harvest. He is not the stout, clumsy dray-horse with shaggy mane and bony limbs that will draw patiently his heavy load of dirt through the dust or mud every day in the year; but the fine-grained, sleek-skinned, beautifully-proportioned thoroughbred—lithe of limb and fleet of foot—that will win you the Queen's cup amid the applause of thousands, at the end of a hotly-contested three-mile race. The true poet is a creature of times and seasons, of unreasoning impulse and sentiment, and as

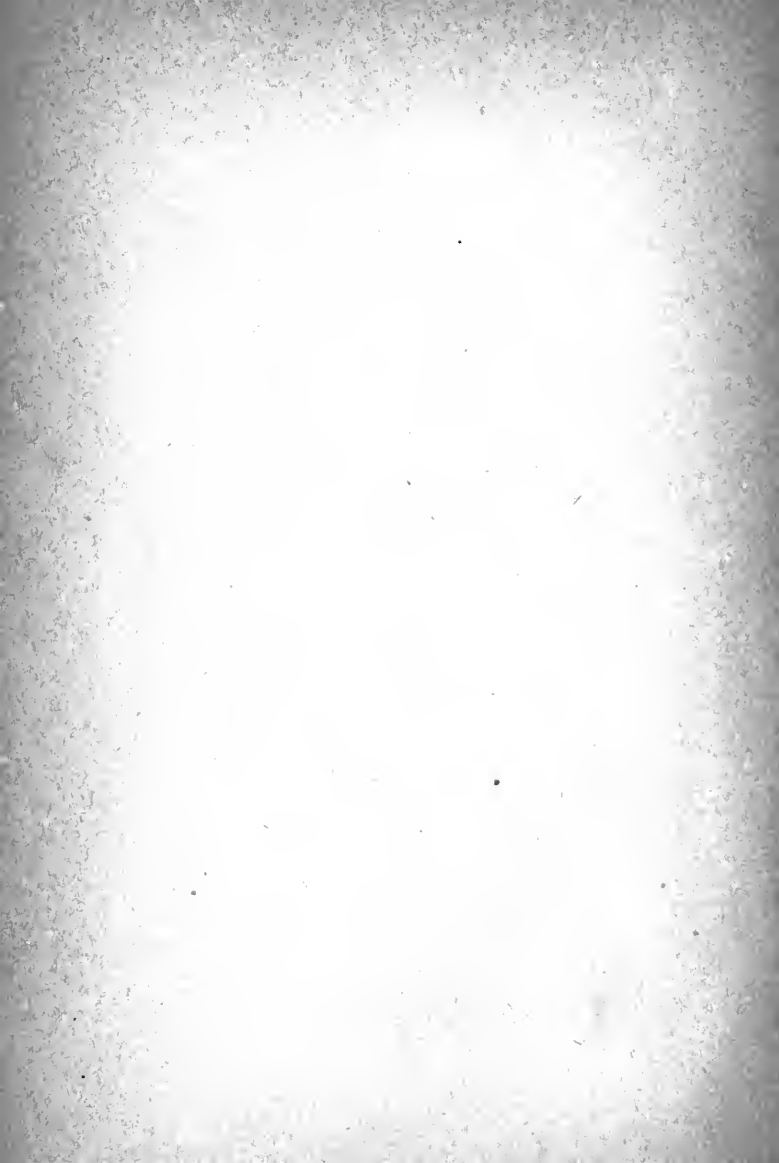
unlike a machine as it is possible for a human being to be. He scorns limitations, and it is as impossible for him to write a particular poem by a specified time, as it is to make a bud blossom according to the requirements of the revised statutes. It is not surprising, therefore, that the committee of learned men a few years ago, who advertised for a national poem, were obliged to refuse to award the premium offered because of the utter unworthiness of the samples produced. They might as well have advertised to buy a robin a new nest with a silken finish and a downy inside, provided she would hatch out her young by twelve o'clock, M., on a certain day. Nor is it at all singular to one who has ever had any intimations from his own inner consciousness of the feeling we are now considering, that the best national lyric of the war was written by a woman in the silence and darkness of her bed-chamber, at three o'clock in the morning, when the great republic, in its travail-hour and agony, called to her out of the depths of its great sorrow, to give voice to its woes, its threatening calamities, and its hopes. Had Mrs. Howe been set to the task under the cramp of restrictions, the product would not have been the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, that has moved the hearts of a whole people—helped to recruit armies and win battles,—but a failure, and that glorious poem would never have enriched the literature of the country.

The poetic element stands in the same relation to practical life that the spiritual does to the religious sentiment in man; it is the intangible connection between two worlds, undefina-

ble in words, but as real as any fact in history—linking us to the unknown, and lifting its possessor out of the sordid atmosphere of sense and passion, and introducing him within the sphere of the gods. As the Western Indian rests his ear upon the ground and listens to catch the tread of friends or foes afar off, so the imagination of the bard does its pioneer work, and hears the advancing footfalls of the coming ages long before they attract the attention of common men. The poet walks the earth as other men do, earns his bread like the rest, but lives in a region apart from his fellows which he has peopled with superior beings, and surrounded by a finer and more glorious atmosphere. We call him impracticable, and he is; a dreamer about intangible things that cannot be coined into cash; a lover of sunsets when he ought to be reckoning interest; preferring a lily to a cabbage; courting Nature when he ought to be courting Mammon; entranced by the majestic beauty of the mountain's scenery, but indifferent to the precious metals that are hidden in its deep bosom; unacquainted with his next-door neighbor, yet familiar with the good and great beyond the seas, and sits down to banquet daily with the lords of many lands. He lives in the enjoyment of riches that the millionaire can neither purchase nor enjoy. His imagination is the palace in which assemble the kings and queens and all the worthy nobles of the historic past, and those of the good time coming of which the prophets tell and the poets sing. His bank account is in the air, and sky, and sea, and the

unpitying stars that have seen the teeming myriads of earth's children rise and fall without a tear, lend him their light and splendor as freely as when they sang their first song together over Bethlehem's manger. The beauty of the seasons, the bud and bloom of early spring-time, the sweet carol of the summer birds, the gorgeous tints of the autumnal foliage, and the hurrying clouds from arctic zone that fill the wintry air with fleecy showers, are materials that Nature furnishes to embellish his life and thought, without money and with none to dispute his right of possession. And let it not be said these persons lead unproductive lives and are mere pensioners upon the labor and bounty of the world. They adorn the otherwise cold and prosaic lives of others less richly endowed by God than themselves, and lend the charm of their genius to every phase of man's existence on earth, and push aside the curtains that conceal the future and inspire him with the hope and courage of the immortality beyond, for which he is forever yearning, and deprived of which he is a friendless orphan and vagabond. There is not an hour, from the moment the first faint cry of the new-born infant is heard in the world, all through life's stormy and eventful career, until the grave closes over the remains of the aged pilgrim, that the poet's fancy does not beautify, sweeten and satisfy, and bring down to earth a foretaste of the exquisite joys that God has in store for those who are worthy to be refined and exalted hereafter.

A. M. T.



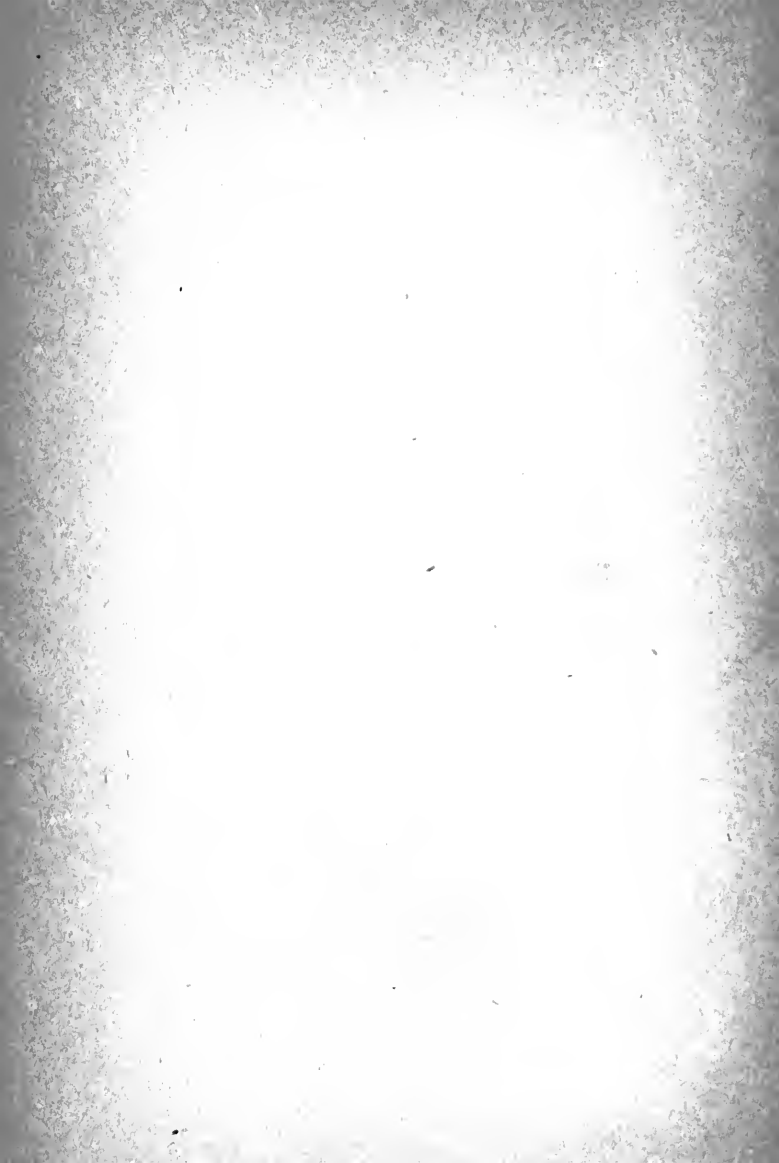
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PART I.

ANNIVERSARY POEMS.



ANNIVERSARY POEMS.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

READ BEFORE THE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION IN 1868.

The famous poets of the olden time
Chose many subjects for their classic rhyme ;
A country churchyard was the doleful lay
That made the name immortal of Tom Grey ;
And, singing thus of our poor common lot,
His verse has hallowed many a lonely spot ;
Cowper selected for his muse's theme
The sofa where he used to sit and dream ;
John Milton had the devil and his clan,
And made him famous o'er the fall of man.
If aught was needed to inspire our muse,
Each one of you might such a subject choose.

Say what we will, no honest son of Faust
But must admit, though at his soul's dear cost,
That he has kept the "devil" by his side,
And lent a willing ear whene'er he cried.
Burns drew his inspiration from the brook,
Or mountain pine, whose top the tempest shook ;
Or stopped his plow to moralize awhile,
Upon the rose that grew beside the stile ;
And I have chosen, as perhaps you guess,
To say a word upon the printing press—
A hackneyed subject, yet 't is ever new
As summer's passing cloud, or morning dew.

The Printing Press ! What power within it lies !
Look at the sheet that from its bosom flies ;
Scan well its lines, and tell me as you gaze,
How much you see of this life's active phase ;
Look at its leaders—filled with double leads,
That treat grave subjects under proper heads,
Perhaps of reconstruction, or of gold,
Or a financial crisis is foretold ;
May be the tariff is just now too high,
And this free-trader tells you how and why ;

Perhaps impeachment is the dreadful theme
That haunts the writer like a horrid dream,
And every aspect of the noted case
Is viewed and tested with a scholar's grace.
No subject that enlists the minds of men
Can miss the stroke of his most facile pen ;
From him, religion, politics, and law,
Can each their unction and their methods draw ;
He searches all the wide domain of thought,
Where poets worshipped, or where sages wrought ;
Where freedom has been wronged, or right denied,
He plants his banner on the injured side ;
He draws the swift-winged lightning to his aid,
And makes it labor for the ends of trade ;
You find the price that England pays for bread,
The prince just born, the statesman who is dead,
The speech that last night thrilled the Tory host,
You read next morning o'er your tea and toast.
Or, if you seek for news, you'll find it there,
The last divorce, the newly wedded pair,
The style of dresses worn at last night's ball,
With comments on the mode since Adam's fall,
When, if the creed be true, we sinned all ;
The latest notions thought of at the " Hub,"

The latest speeches at the woman's club ;
You learn how hangman tied the fatal rope,
Or what's the matter with the poor old Pope ;
What Bismarck thinks concerning this or that,
The shape of ribbon on Eugenie's hat ;
What ships have sailed away from foreign port,
The shoddy snobs just introduced at court ;
How Congress voted on the whisky tax,
The latest humbugs brought out by the quacks ;
You read of hurricanes that swept the seas,
Or how some men take snuff and others sneeze ;
Here is the latest rupture in the Church,
And there a teacher who applies the birch ;
A careful critique on some author's book,
Or, may be, one less careful on Black Crook ;
Perhaps two youths whose souls are all aflame
With passions that their reason cannot tame,
Are sure they see the future full of hope,
And from paternal nests they both elope ;
Wedding in haste, at leisure to repent,
Thus home is lost, and love forever spent.

A thousand themes the Local's skill engage,
With pen and ink he photographs the age.

Sometimes it is a sermon, now the stage,
He pleases some, puts others in a rage.
What phase of life is not recorded there ?
A horrid murder stands beside a prayer ;
A conflagration with the loss of life,
The story of a man who beats his wife ;
A row that happened in the bloody Third,
The latest news that Mrs. Grundy heard ;
The details of a noted scandal case
That covered all the parties in disgrace :—
He goes to church where lovers plight their love,
And calls to witness Him who reigns above,
That he will cherish her, and she obey,
As on they go, until their dying day.
He weds much dry goods, silks and plaited hair,
And bridal gifts of German silver ware ;
Some have been borrowed of a trading Jew,
For fear the real gifts would be too few ;
A pretty waterfall without a dam—
(The damns come after, when the hollow sham
Is fully felt, and Angeline and Sam
Look in each others faces, and are known.)
She weds a mansion built of brownest stone,
A carriage and a pretty span of bays,

(Though honest debt her husband never pays),
A trip to Europe, and perhaps a dance
Or gay flirtation at the Court of France.
The trade is nearly even on each side,
The bridegroom gets a fool, so does the bride !
And in a twelvemonth our reporter's pen
Is busy with this shoddy pair again ;
But not within the church where vow, and prayer,
And sob, and whisper, fill the perfumed air,—
But now a sterner scene : A court of law,
Where fine distinctions men are learned to draw,
And, if the wedding gifts had not been plated,
They might have paid the lawyers who mismated
The pair that then each other stoutly hated.
'Tis well that Justice, holding up the scales
Between these two, whom mutual hate assails,
Should wear a bandage tied across her eyes,
And never see the tricks that Cupid plies !

Let Pen and Press their graceful tribute yield,
And give all honor to the name of FIELD,
Who laid the track of thought from pole to pole,
In spite of sweeping storms, or ocean's roll !

That triumph Nature ever shall rehearse,
And Science weave its praises into verse.
As yonder burnished steel on cross or spire
Disarms the threatening cloud of hurtful fire,
So that magic wire, stretching through the sea,
Keeps the world's peace, and fosters harmony !
Peace hath her victories as well as war,
And Love is stronger now than ancient Thor.
Two war-ships meet upon the mighty main,
But not to fight their battles o'er again ;
The Lion bears the spirit of the lamb ;
The Eagle carries in his beak the palm ;
No British flag, o'er deck and booming gun,
Boasts of the victories that Nelson won ;
No star-bespangled banner floats in air,
To tell of deeds that Yankee seamen dare ;
But each bears there a novel wedding ring,
And yonder, on the ocean's restless tide,
With stern old Neptune giving up the bride,
The Old has wooed and won the blooming New !
So let them live forever side by side !

*WISCONSIN'S RESPONSE TO THE CALL
FOR TROOPS.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GREAT WAR MEETING HELD
IN MILWAUKEE, JULY 31, 1862.

I.

Wisconsin calls ten thousand men, from city, farm and
plain,
And to each village, prairie, hill, the call comes not in
vain!
From Mississippi's rolling tide to Michigan's broad wave,
We spring to arms, ten thousand strong, the Nation's
life to save!

II.

The wheel stops in the noisy mill, the reapers quit the
grain,
And beat their sickles into spears to mow the battle's
plain,
The plow stands in the soil we love, the ledger's tossed
aside,
We count our goods and gold as dross when Freedom's
life is tried!

III.

Our fathers fought at Lexington and died at Bunker Hill ;
A flag, bespangled o'er with stars, was left us in their
will,
And while a star beams on its field, or gleams in God's
own sky,
It never shall dishonor know, while we can fight or die !

IV.

Adown the Coming Time no slave shall clank his cursed
chain,
And taunt us with the cowardice that forged his life of
pain ;
Our children's children ne'er shall blush to call us by
their name,
We live as freemen, if at all, or give our death to fame !

V.

Grim War's Red Sea turns back its flood, as in the olden
time,
And there be those its passage seek, who are nameless in
this rhyme ;
Dry shod they enter in with trust, and seek the farther
shore,
To shout hozannas of the free, as Israel's hosts before !

VI.

Though traitors plot, with phrensied zeal, to crush fair
Freedom's crown—
Or lift their daggers high in air to smite her body down,
Each Northern breast shall be a shield to take the
murderous stroke,
And Europe yet shall gaze upon the rebel scepter broke!

VII.

We swear by all the sacred blood which patriot fathers
shed—
By all the glorious memories that cluster round the dead,
That though we die a thousand deaths the nation yet
must live,
That all we are, or hope to be, to Freedom gladly give!

VIII.

Ho, brothers of these states in one, take courage once
again,
Ye stalwart Minnesota men! and ye of far-off Maine!
Depend on us in sorest need where falls the sabre stroke,
Or in the battle's rout and shock, amid the cannon
smoke!

IX.

Wisconsin calls ten thousand men, from city, farm and
plain,
And to each village, prairie, hill, the call comes not in
vain ;
From Mississippi's rolling tide to Michigan's broad wave,
We spring to arms, ten thousand strong, to front ranks
rush the brave !

DEATH OF GOVERNOR HARVEY.

Bow down thy head, O Commonwealth,
 'Tis fitting now for thee to weep;
Thy hopes lie buried in the grave,
 In which our chieftain is asleep.

The flags at half mast sadly droop,
 The bells toll out a solemn wail,
As on the southern breeze there comes,
 With lightning speed, the sick'ning tale!

O, dreadful night! O, fatal step!
 O, rushing river's angry tide!
Was there no quick, omniscient arm
 To save a life so true and tried?

Breathe, lofty Pines, his requiem;
 Sing pæans in thy forest gloom;
And ye, Prairies, that he loved,
 Bring Flora's gems to deck his tomb.

O, State, bereft of him you loved,
O, Mother, from thy loving breast,
Our friend and brother, statesman, chief,
At noon, sinks calmly to his rest !

We cannot hide these scalding tears,
But kiss in trust this chast'ning rod ;
Though reason sleeps, faith is not blind,
But sees in all the hand of God.

THE DYING YEAR.

Farewell, farewell, to the Old Year!
To-day we gather round his bier,
And to his memory drop a tear,
 Singing farewell, farewell!
Slowly, slowly let him go,
To his burial-place below—
Below the pure and virgin snow,
 Sighing farewell, farewell!

Rest him there forevermore,
On that ever silent shore
Where his sires slept before.
 Toll, toll the bell!
 Farewell, farewell!
The Old Year is dying!

The Old Year is dying. Farewell, farewell,
We will mourn him no longer with tolling of bell,
His cares and his sorrows no more will we tell,
To the tomb let them all go together to dwell;
 No longer sighing
 Over his dying,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Let be buried in the Past
All the sins that held us fast,
All the errors of the hour,
That enchained us by their power.
Sigh not for what cannot be,
Workers for Eternity ;
Hope is ours, and faith is blest,
Banish faults so long caressed ;
Let us strive for better parts,
Labor with courageous hearts.
Farewell superstitious fears,
Let them perish with the years ;
Farewell dark and narrow creeds,
Let them die with all misdeeds ;

Ring the bell with merry stroke,
O'er men's chains that have been broke,
Let hosannas fill the air,
Liberty is dear and fair!

Let us welcome in the New,
Make our guests the good and true,
Bid them stop that teach the way
Leading to eternal day;
Ope the portals wide for those
Who will bring the soul repose;
Christ is with us if we say,
To illumine our stormy way.
Burning with desire high,
See the promise in the sky,
O'er the black and threat'ning cloud,
Filled with thunder fierce and loud,
Spanned already by the bow,
With the future all aglow.

Joyous bells with glad acclaim,
Pen of Poet all aflame,
Tongue of Prophet—sight of Seer,
Tell us tidings of the Year;

Lift the veil that shuts our gaze,
Though it may our soul amaze ;
Unbar the future's iron door,
And bid us enter in before ;
Let us read Fate's riddle here,
On the threshold of the Year !

EMANCIPATION LINES.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

I heard the silver voice of angels cry,
And Echo sent it all along the sky,
“Hosanna unto Him who sits on high!”

“Yea, glory be to Him, that we should see
With these poor eyes this day of jubilee,
And one more race of waiting souls set free.”

And as the wond'rous portals were unrolled,
I saw them writing in their books of gold,
The date that all the prophets had foretold.

And while they wrote it with their pens aflame,
The patriot saints of every age and name
Made Heaven vocal with their glad acclaim.

The stars grew brighter in the firmament,
And every tongue that sang in Heaven lent
Its voice, and down to earth the anthem sent.

The earth prolonged the glorious strain,
And Freedom was the grand refrain
Of every color, creed and name.

The eyes that used to fill with liquid pain,
To-day are full of solemn tears again,
But tears of joy to see the melting chain!

Banish the auction block and cruel thong
Back to barbarian night, where they belong,
And let this race lift up its natal song.

They shall not feel the blood-hound's smarting gash,
Or know the sting and pain of well-plied lash,
Or the dumb ache when fiendish passions clash.

But over, in the arch of their dark sky,
The sacred bow of promise hangs on high—
Their hopes of being free no more can die!

Let tyrants sigh, and drawl their last lament,
The arrow to their idol's heart this day is sent ;
God bless the archer who the bow hath bent !

O sacred Liberty ! how dear art thou,
How radiant glows the youth upon thy brow,
And never half so beautiful as now !

*THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.**

I.

Kind friends and patrons, listen to my ditty :

I bid you joy upon this fair New Year ;
Old Sixty-two has vanished—more's the pity,
Since I must go again about the city,
Spreading the Democrat, so gay and witty,

That brings to all a smile of genial cheer.
But now I cry, like the horse-leech's daughter—
Or rather, as the rebels should—for quarter !

II.

And by a “quarter,” you know what I mean—

A silver-piece, with eagle all so fair ;
And on reverse, as you no doubt have seen,
The cap of Liberty sits, neat and clean—

So was it on my last, I do declare ;
But if the pewter has gone out of fashion,
I'll take a check and not get in a passion !

* Written for the La Crosse Democrat.

III.

In every kind of weather, cold or hot,

I leave my welcome missive at your door ;

I bring you news from each far-distant spot,

And speak of every class, condition, lot,

Rich, poor, great, small, the sober and the sot,

Saints, sinners, something new and something not,

And some things that you never dreamed before.

For one whole year I've served my friends for pelf,

Excuse me if to-day I serve—myself.

IV.

The art of printing has improved since FAUST

Did first carve out his simple wooden letters,

And pressed on parchment, got at painful cost,

To save an art more worth than ancients lost,

Raising the lowly up among their betters.

What if JOHN FAUST could from his dumb grave speak,

And see the Democrat you read each week ?

V.

“Hurrah for GUTTENBERG!” the world doth cry,

Though once 't was said he leagued with ancient Nick ;

For thirteen centuries old scribes did ply
The tardy pen, with many a faint and sigh,
Hoping and wishing that relief was nigh,
When Faust and Guttenberg did lift on high
The world's own scepter, in a shooting-stick !
The chain that bound man as a serf was broken,
And with one glad acclaim, "Go free !" was spoken !

VI.

The ages woke as from a stupid dream,
And from the mind of man then dropped the fetters ;
Athwart the sky of ignorance shot the gleam
Of knowledge, and the Archimedean beam
Lifted the world upon the fulcrum—letters !
Back to chaotic night fled crime and wrong,
And a freed race then lifted up its song !

VII.

To-day Old Abe's emancipation shell
Does burst—unless the powder is too wet.
What the effect will be no one can tell,
But if it blows the rebels up, 't is well,

Or blows them down where traitors all should dwell,
Both North and South, though some are left us yet;
But should it burst beneath Old Abe's own chair,
He'd tell "a little story" then and there!

VIII.

One year ago to-day, Slidell and Mason
Went out to England in a British steamer;
Then crafty Seward put his cunning face on,
And tried to show that there was no disgrace on
Us to let them go, (the diplomatic dreamer!)
But you do know if Jackson were alive,
On English beef these traitors would not thrive!

IX.

But Jackson is no more, and Clay is dead,
And Webster lies at Marshfield sleeping;
And James Buchanan, with decrepit tread
Mopes round secluded Wheatland still unweel,
With none, in love, his memory keeping.
Let us rejoice when his base tribe shall end,
And that false name and Lethe's waters blend.

X.

Time's roll of honor calls, let us not falter,
But make the most of blessings as we go,
Accepting that which we shall fail to alter,
Laying the richest sacrifices on the altar,
As though it were all right when ordered so,
And walk life's pathway with a solemn joy,
Keeping the spirit free from base alloy.

XI.

Aye, let us all to-day our glasses fill,
For those brave boys who went out from La Crosse ;
And, pledging them our friendship with a will,
We feel in spirit they are with us still,
And know their absence is to us a loss.
We pray for choicest blessings on their head,
Honor them living, mourn for them when dead.

XII.

Our brothers lie on many a bloody plain,
On gory fields where lifts the cannon's smoke ;
Grim Mars' red sickle strikes the human grain,
And mows them down with mocking for their pain.

They sink and vanish ne'er to rise again,
Where rings the shout and falls the saber stroke,
The sobs of stricken Rachels fill the air,
And by each hearthstone stands the vacant chair!

XIII.

We mourn for those who have so bravely bled,
To reconstruct fair Freedom's broken arch;
Who followed on with firm, unshaken tread,
Though to the death War's crimson pathway led;
Ellsworth and Winthrop, first of loyal dead,
Are joined by Baker in that solemn march,
And thousands more have shared their gory bed,
Without a stone to mark their honored head.

XIV.

O, cruel War! with what insatiate greed
Thou feedest on the loyal, loved and brave;
While Peace seems tardy, with what swift-winged speed
The passions rush to combat! They, indeed,

Hold highest carnival, and onward lead

Down to the dreadful silence of the grave!

Christ is mocked, and all the lessons He hath taught

Are lost on creatures whom His blood hath bought!

XV.

The clock in Time's old tower sounds again,

The knell of years once more is on the air;

Another cycle falls among the slain,—

Gone are the hours that brought so much of pain,

So much of joy. Shall we not breathe a prayer .

For the departed year of Sixty-two,

And welcome Sixty-three, so fair and new?

THE FUTURE EDITOR.

READ BEFORE THE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AT WATER-
TOWN, JUNE, 1861.

I.

GOOD MEN OF INK: The President commands me, at
this time,

To meet my brother Editors, and talk to them in rhyme;
And, though he keeps the subject back, we know it's in
his heart

To have the Poet use the pen to magnify our Art.

To bore you for an hour here is no unpleasant task,
No doubt a sim'lar privilege our readers often ask
When wading through our leaders dull—leaded to make
them longer,

And wedged within an iron chase, hoping to make them
stronger!

Who dared to guess that while we prate about the rights
of MANN,

To give the masses liberty our footsteps ever RANN,

We should not practice what we preach, but do the
strangest thing,

And send away across the waves to ancient Rome a
KING!

We mourn no broken REEDS to-day, but all the names
are down,

And no one blackened by disgrace, though some a little
BROWN.

What State can boast within the craft so many men of
pith?

We lead the column, East or West, when under call of
SMITH.

The MILLS of God grind slowly on, and sift us through
their bolt,

But let us bless the LAWE that gave unto the craft a
HOLT;

We HALE within this festive HALL each brother as a peer,
And UTTER sayings, WISE or STRONG, without offence
or fear.

RICH in the thought of HYER aims, W(H)ATT WRIGHT
have we to MOORE ?

We FOSTER STOUT-est virtues WELL, as FRANK-lin did
before ;

We READ life's tangled WEBB of fate, and take its sorest
CROSS ;

The sculptured STONE keeps mem'ry GREEN, and HYDES
it from all loss.

II.

I saw a man of many cares, at table old and round,—
He heeded not the roaring press, nor engine's hissing
sound,

Nor devil crying down the spout for "copy—short and
fat !"

Nor lazy idlers who came in to bother with their chat.

He was a man of many years ; his hair was turning gray,
His head was bald—he 'd scratched it bare while think-
ing what to say ;

And down upon the virgin page his thoughts were writ-
ten fast,

In words that were to live for aye when through the
press they passed.

At length the weary task is done ; the pen is laid aside,
He looks it o'er with care to see what words must be
supplied ;
He dots the i's, and crosses t's, and makes the language
terse,
But knowing well the proof may read precisely the
reverse.

The loafers took their leave at last, and dropped out one
by one—
Even that everlasting bore, whose quizzing too was done ;
The cry for copy stopped for once, the clicking onward
kept—
He bowed his head upon his arms, and, dreaming as he
slept,

He saw a pleasant angel form, who carried in his hand
A solid golden shooting-stick, and waved it as a wand—
When suddenly before his mind there passed in swift
review
The scenes they say are coming on—good times for me
and you :

He saw the Future Editor, a man of comely air ;
His form was full of rotund grace ; his brow was free
from care ;
His cloth was unimpeachable, and faultless, too, the fit ;
In making him, Dame Nature made a most decided hit !

He was a man of solid means, and substance at the
“banks” ;
No writs were plastered on his back, nor other legal
pranks ;
The Sheriff never “locked his form,” nor “knocked him
into pi,”
Nor put a padlock on his door to warn the passer by.

He sought no favors of his friends, no office of the
State ;
A modest def'rence paid they all, of high or low estate ;
To him the public touched its cap, old age tossed up its
crutch,
And infancy was taught his name, and lisped it over
much.

No sordid politician's axe was whet upon his stone,
No paltry statesmen by his pen were on the people
 thrown ;
No corporation used his sheet to spread its deadly rot ;
He told the truth ! (God help us all, and grant us such
 a lot !)

He never puffed poor candidates, who were unfit for
 place,
Nor swallowed platforms, plank by plank, without first
 saying grace ;
His party never gave him meat when eating made him
 scowl,
And if he "hankered" for a quail, he did n't get "biled
 owl."

Subscribers never run away, got broke, or went to smash,
But always paid him in advance, in solid, honest cash ;
No burly individual, with horse-whip and a dog,
Called round to ask who wrote those lines defaming
 Colonel Fogg !

He never was enticed out West to puff a paper town,
And see the mansions of the rich spring thickly up
 around,
Until, in spite of pen and ink and all his sore distress,
He goes adrift with battered type and second-handed
 press.

His pen was not a javelin whose point was dipped in
 gall,
He loved his brother editors, and was beloved by all;
He saw the public was not served by petty, dirty strife,
And to exalt the Press his aim—the touchstone of his
 life.

His paper was a model sheet—from slightest faults was
 clear;
No horrid murder stared in caps, nor slanders in brevier;
No scandal-mongers found their food within its dainty
 fold,
But Truth and Love, as pictures fair, upon a page of
 gold!

And had Archimides returned to seek his lever's rest,
They would have led him to the room where such a
sheet was pressed,
And bid him there behold the power that moves the
universe,
A force as strong as that which holds the planets in their
course.

Thus lived he to a ripe old age, until at last came
Death,
With life run wholly "out of sorts," and stopped his
fleeting breath;
The worn-out "case," now food for worms, back to the
dust was given—
Religion "locked" the spirit's "form" to "justify" in
Heaven!

At length the troubled slumber broke. Alas, for idle
dreams!

Alas, that Fancy ever paints what most unreal seems—
He woke to know the Coming Day was far adown
Time's stream,
But, turning to his task again, he blessed the pleasant
dream.

III.

My brothers, let us not forget, within this festive hall,
To fill a bumper for the brave who heed their country's
 call,
Who would be with us here to-day, but for the Eagle's
 cry,
And who—God shield them from all harm—will bear
 our flag on high.

Thank God, no recreant heart with us dictates a rebel's
 pen,
We stand a band of loyalists, and claim the meed of men;
We know no party but the right, our country and our
 God—
For these our lives shall be laid down, our blood shall
 stain the sod.

We hang the starry banner out—the good old flag of
 yore,
It's been our standard here at home and on the foreign
 shore;
At Lexington and Bunker Hill it was our fathers' shield,
And they did stain it with their blood on many a well-
 fought field.

No grander life can freemen lead—no nobler death can
die—

Than where the glory of thy stripes streams upward
toward the sky.

At Trenton, Yorktown, Brandywine, and there at Lundy's
Lane,

Thou wert endeared forevermore by blessings of the
slain!

Hallowed by deeds of sainted sires, and blessed by
woman's love,

Baptised by heroes' sacred blood whose souls now rest
above,

The Ægis of our nation's hope, our children's children's
shield,

No traitor's grasp shall haul thee down, nor drag thee
from the field.

Palsied the hand that lifts towards thee the rebel mur-
derous stroke;

Dumb be the perjured, lying tongue that 'gainst thy virtue
spoke;

Cursed be the fratricidal wretch who would thy glory
mar,

Who'd blot the azure of thy field, or dim its either star!

O, banner of the patriot dead! Flag of the brave and
free!

Float thou forever on the land, forever on the sea!

Where'er a son of Freedom breathes, there lift thy folds
on high!

Where'er the light shoots from thy stars, there tyranny
shall die!

PART II.



POEMS IN WAR TIME.



POEMS IN WAR TIME.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

A drummer boy lay dying near the Rappahannock's
tide,

The fragment of a bursting shell had pierced his tender
side ;

The red blood flowed o'er snow-white skin upon his
coat of blue,

And thus, Oh Flag, are typified your own Red, White
and Blue !

Oh blood of brave men freely shed to save a nation's
life,

Oh Mothers of these fair-browed boys who perish in this
strife,

Think not the sacrifice is vain that God demands of
you,

He has decreed new glories yet for our Red, White and
Blue !

"IN THE NAME OF GOD."

(In a debate in the United States Senate, upon the question of employing negroes in the War, Senator Browning, of Illinois, interrupted Howe, of Wisconsin, with the remark that there was no *constitutional* authority for doing it. Howe replied, "LET US DO IT, THEN, IN THE NAME OF GOD!")

Indeed! Has it come to this at last?

The Nation is sick, and the doctors nod;
And, failing to cast the devil out,

They cry in despair, "In the name of God!"
They tried herb tea for the Nation's ills,
The cancer they poulticed a year, about;
The patient grew weaker under their pills,
Seize the knife, good sirs, and cut it out!

Not in parchment is the balm you seek,
The coveted cure is much higher priced;
Secessia's devils can be cast out,
As Magdalen's were, by the voice of Christ.
The Constitution is well enough,
But it never was meant to limit God;
His laws reach onward toward the right,
Though blood to the bridles cover the sod.

And now they cry, "In the name of God!"
As the foundering ship goes down at sea,
When quivering masts snap like a rod,
And the hungry surf beats under her lee;
When the gale howls loud and stars are set,
And lights in the binnacle box are out;
With pumps unmanned and rudder unshipped,
And the mutinous crew defiantly shout!

This storm has threatened for eighty years;
Ye have heard its mutterings in the sky,
And ye cowardly said, to quiet your fears,
"It 'll not break forth till after we die;
Our children better can stand the shock,
And Liberty's temple will firmer be,
And though the volcano shall heave and rock,
'T will calmly pass like a cloud at sea!"

But now, like the publican of old,
Who fiercely smote on his naked breast,
Nor looked to Heaven—he was not so bold,
But cried for mercy, (and you know the rest,)

Columbia smites her breast this day,
And looks up to Heaven through scalding tears;
But the mill of God keeps turning away,
Grinding the sins of a Nation's years!

And the Nation's blood is bolted through,
And the Nation's treasure drops out as bran;
The piteous sob that comes to you
Is the wail of the Rachels in the land!
And Afric's mother, with solemn joy,
Sits down to rest her manacled feet;
As each white sister gives up her boy,
She murmurs, "The justice of God is sweet!"

Sackcloth and ashes is fitting garb
For the Nation's limbs until we repent;
Her soul is pierced with a poisoned barb—
God bids us reap from the seed we spent!
The sign is good when Senators cry
Aloud, like a child in the dead of night,
And giving no constitutional "why,"
But say, "In the name of God it is right!"

“PAUSE!”

(We now pause to see what kind of a Government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and our treasure.—*Gov. Seymour.*)

Would you “pause” at the muzzle of murderous guns?
Or “pause” when the cannon belched fire and hail?
Will you “pause” when the rebels are shooting our sons,
And our brothers are dying on river and plain?

Would you “pause” till you knew where the fire had
caught,
When you saw its red flame at the windows and roof?
Would you turn back your neighbor, who water had
brought,
Until he should give of its purity proof?

Help! Help at the pumps, for the ship is aleak!
The wreckers’ wild laugh can be heard on the land;
A curse on the dastard whose vile lips shall speak
One word for the false lights that gleam on the sand.

A curse on the traitor—shame, shame on the dolt,
Whatever may be his birth, rank or station,
Who fails now to strike, like the lightning's swift bolt,
The rebels who clutch at the throat of the Nation!

Oh, dear are the names of those brave hearts of oak
Who wait not to "pause" in this perilous strife,
But take to their bosoms the murderous stroke,
That parricides aim at fair Liberty's life.

I see, through the vista of time, as I look,
A nation all radiant, and purged from its sin;
And they "pause" o'er the names that are writ in the
book,
But the letters are gold—none of copper or tin.

UNION FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

Let the Past be past, my brother,
Give our platforms to the flame ;
Standing firmly by each other,
Careless now of creed or name.
Let the dead with dead be buried,
Let old issues be forgot ;
Till the traitors shall be conquered,
Let us share each other's lot.

Never was more just a quarrel,
Never was so good a cause ;
And each breeze is fully laded
With the Coming Time's applause.
Let us strike our hands together,
Past distinction giving o'er,
We are one until it's ended,
Though we differed heretofore.

No dispute who mans the rudder,
Cavil not who climbs the mast—
While the thunders round us rattle,
While there's death in every blast.
On our lee the surf is breaking,
Hear ye not its sullen roar?
And the wrecker's mocking laughter
Comes, like echoes, from the shore.

Perish ever Creed and Party,
While the rebel flag is near;
Till the good ship Constitution
Stands out in the offing clear;
Till the flag our fathers gave us
Floats in sovereignty and might,
And these lurid clouds that blind us
Pass like horrid dreams at night.

WHY NOT ENLIST?

“Why don’t I enlist? Ah, you see,
I have reasons that answer me well;
But there is my neighbor, young C.,
Why *he* stays no person can tell!
So hearty, and rugged, and brave,
And nothing to do here, you know;
He has n’t a house nor a field,
And there is n’t a reason to show!

’Tis true he’s a pretty young wife,
With a sweet little babe in her arms,
But shall man risk the Nation’s dear life
Because a frail woman hath charms?
Ah, if he comprehended our need,
His wife and his babe would be kissed,
He would tear their white arms from his neck,
And come promptly up and enlist.

But *I* have a farm and a house,
And cattle and sheep on the hills;
How can I turn from profit and loss
To think of a sick nation's ills?
What money I'd lose if I went—
What chances for traffic and gain,
Then think of the comforts of home,
And the camp, and the carnage, and slain!

But there is young Truman De Loss,
Whose mother is widowed and old,
And he has but little to do
Since their farm by the Sheriff was sold;
If he should enlist and get shot,
As many a one has before,
His mother could come on the town,
Or seek alms at the wealthy man's door.

'T is shameful such fellows as he
Should turn a deaf ear to the call;
That some should be slain by the foe,
Cannot be the fortune of all!

If I only stood in his shoes,
With no fortune or kin to protect,
If I faltered to shoulder my gun,
I ought to be shot for neglect.

I am ready to cheer the old flag,
And toss up my cap in the air—
As long as it costs not a cent,
By the Union I'm ready to swear!
Let the blood of the Nation flow out
Like a river to vanquish its foe;
Let each father and brother turn out,
(But the doctor says *I cannot go!*")

* * * * *

Ah! there comes an alarm from the South,
Like the swimmer's sharp cry of distress;
An army, beleaguered and watched,
By a vigilant foe is sore pressed.
And the temple of Liberty rocks,
And trembles from turret to base,
And the Eagle screams out in the storm,
Ashamed of the ignoble race.

JANUARY LINES, 1862.

Oh, for a hero to lead us,
And break this dread silence again !
The State hangs as dust in the balance,
Each hour's suspense is a pain !
The Lion of England is growling,
The Eagles of France whet their beaks ;
The vultures around us are prowling,
And yet no heroic soul speaks !
Give us, ye Fates, but a woman,
Whose heart is possessed of a spark
Of that undying love for a nation
Which burned in the soul of d'Arc !
There is rust on the sluggish Potomac,
And treason on every hand,
While thieves break through and are stealing,
As fraud drives over the land.
Give us back again spirits like Warren's,
Or Ticonderoga's rough Chief,
Or the daring of Lee, or of Jackson,
Who shall give this sick nation relief !

Half a million of troops are in waiting,
And list for the word "Forward, march!"
Who will give their life blood free as water,
To restore once again Freedom's arch;
Give the word, Oh ye men of the nation,
Ere Liberty's temple shall fall;
Give the word, and bold Victory perching,
Will haste to our Flag at the call!

A WARNING TO COWARDS.

The other night it came to pass,
A sturdy youth and gay young lass
Were sitting near the locust tree,
Chatting away right merrily.
He was as strong, robust, athlete,
As any man that you might meet
In one day's journey on the street.
A well-knit frame, erect and tall—
At swimming, cricket, quoits or ball,
No one could beat him there at all ;
And, as you know, the story's told
How one named Hercules, of old,
Who was so very strong and stout,
He cleaned the Augean stables out,
Killed a bold lion with one shake,
And slew a fierce and monstrous snake ;
And this young man of whom I write—
You'd freely take him at first sight,
To be a son of near descent
Of him who slew with such intent.

They were betrothed, as you might guess,
And counted on much happiness ;
Why should they not—so loving, kind,
So strong in body and in mind ?
But now there came the tug of war—
The cry for help rang near and far,
And he began to show his Miss
A long and horrid diagnosis
Of all the ills that flesh is heir to,
And which he said he'd gladly swear to :
A heart affection he had sure—
The lady thought she knew a cure !
Dyspeptic pangs his stomach seized,
If taking snuff he always sneezed !
His bile "slopped over" in excess,
His brain slept in paralysis ;
His toes were threatened with the gout,
He thought his gall was inside out !
One lung was gone, or so he guessed,
The other was diseased at best ;
His back was lame—must have it cupped,
And ulcers ate his liver up ;
Consumption had him in the chest,
And gave him pains in side and breast ;

His joints were bigger by one half,
And that should clear him of the draft ;
And every ache and every pain
Ran riot through each bone and vein ;
A more despairing, worthless human,
So full of ills, wasn't born of woman ;
He loved his country all too well—
Would sink her foes in lowest hell ;
If he had strength as he had will,
He would not rest himself until
He stood, with bold, defiant eye,
Before the rebel soldiery !
But then, he feared rheumatic pains,
And southern mud, and southern rains,
And other ills of camp, were such
He soon would come home on a crutch (?) .

The maiden heard the craven through,
With scornful glance and burning cheek ;
“ I loathe and hate a wretch untrue ! ”
She cried, when finding words to speak ;
“ What ! wed a craven dolt like you,
And bear a coward's dastard name ?

And know my love, however true,
Is but another word for shame?
Nay! Get thee hence—I care not where,
None but the brave deserve the fair!”

ON A REBEL RAM.

Here lies the rebel ram,
In Mississippi's calm—
Like an oyster or a clam;
She was a perfect sham,
And her mutton, horns and ham
Are scarcely worth a ^{cent} ~~clams~~
To our Uncle Sam,
Or to "any other man."

ODE TO SNEAKS.

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness !”

Where one might hide his 'capitated head,
And friends might mourn him as among the dead,
The same as though he 'd fell by rebel lead,
And poets take the ready pen to bless

The coward sneak that slyly slipped away
And hid himself among the blacks in Canada !

They want the honor of a patriot's name,
They thirst for some immortal word in story ;

They seek a place upon the roll of fame,
And covet praises won on fields of glory ;

But still they clutch their silver with a grip
Like that with which grim Death secures a nigger,
And with the love of country on their lip,

They use a microscope to make each cent look bigger.
When such are asked to give, they only laugh,
And, sneering, say, “We guess you 'd better draft !”

A UNION SONG.

(Sung at a great Union Meeting at Janesville, October, 1865, at which Schuyler Colfax and others spoke.)

Say, Cop's, heard ye from old Vermont,
A State for freemen noted ?
I guess snake-killing time had come,
The way the people voted.
And Maine sends greeting from her pines,
And warning in her thunder,
If you would save your copper heads,
You'd better stand from under !
Vermont and Maine are true,
Vermont and Maine are true ;
Among all their crops
They have raised no cop's,
Vermont and Maine are true.

The soldiers from the Keystone State,
And all the Quakers voted ;
The boys in blue are always true,
Their pills are n't sugar-coated.

They know a traitor at their back

As well as when on picket ;

The one they settle with a ball,

The other with a ticket.

The boys in blue are true,

The boys in blue are true ;

At the cartridge-box,

Or the ballot-box,

The boys in blue are true.

The Buckeye State has cleared her decks,

As you, perhaps, remember ;

She's getting ready for a job

That's coming in November.

She's stopped the crowing of one Cox,

And smothered Pugh as handy ;

She lifts her banner high in air,

And shouts for Abe and Andy.

The Buckeye State is firm,

The Buckeye State is firm ;

And there's not a crack

To hide Little Mac,

In the Buckeye State so firm.

The Hoosiers, twenty thousand strong,
Have won a noble battle;
They are determined to be free,
No longer voting cattle.
To Badger boys they send a cheer—
A hope as well as greeting,
That by November's solemn ides,
Our foe, like theirs—retreating!
Their Morton is the man,
And Colfax is the man,
And October's sun
Saw Dodd on the run,
And Morton is the man.

Old Abe has steered the ship of State
Through foulest kind of weather;
He'll bring her safely into port,
If we will hang together.
Though false lights glimmer on the shore,
Built by our foes so handy,
Abe knows the channel like a book,
And so does sturdy Andy.

Our Abram is the man,
To steer the ship he can,
And good men and true
Will stand by the crew,
For Abram is the man.

Our noble Grant has Richmond fast,
Most surely he will nab it ;
Sheridan, sweeping down the vale,
Shakes Early like a rabbit ;
While Sherman seeks a lively-Hood
'Mid Georgia's hills and valleys,
Brave Farragut, lashed in mid air,
Past blazing fortress sallies.
He answered as he sailed,
"This war has not yet failed,
But on land and sea
We have victory,
We *will* have victory !"

ELECTION RHYMES.

(Read at a jollification meeting in Milwaukee, upon hearing the returns of the October elections in 1863.)

Did you hear the ringing slogan from the gallant Buck-
eye State ?

'Twas the doom of "poor, unhappy Vall.,"* who still
must "watch and wait";

Ohio loathes the copperhead, as honest people must—
In Brough, the loyal Democrat, the Buckeyes put their
trust.

He "waits and watches" o'er the line for Palmer and
the rest,

And by November's early days we'll send him there
unblest ;

* Mr. C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, was sent south by General Burnside for expressions of disloyalty, from whence he fled to Canada. The Democracy of that State nominated him for Governor, but he was defeated by John Brough by over 100,000 majority. Hon. H. L. Palmer, who was then running for Governor of Wisconsin on the Democratic ticket, hoped the indignity offered to Vallandigham would "culminate" in his election as Governor of Ohio.

The "culmination" that he wished will happen by and
by,
The Badger boys on voting day will scoop him high and
dry!

The Ryan platform must go down—it cannot longer
float,
Wisconsin, on election day, will sink it by a vote;
Straws cannot save a drowning man—'t is better to get
off,
Than venture out upon the sea in such a rotten trough.

The Quakers voted yesterday without a "thou" or
"thee,"
No doubt they thought of Gettysburg, and rebel hordes
of Lee;
They corded up the copperheads as we intend to do—
All hail the voting broad-brims now, and gallant Curtin,
too!

All hail the pyramid of States, so loyal, true and brave,
That stand like granite in the gap, the Nation's life to
save;

Let traitors South and traitors North take warning while
they may,

And slink back to their loathesome dens, nor seek the
face of day!

Vermont sends greeting from her hills—'t was echoed
back by Maine,

And California, golden-voiced, flung back the shout
again;

Ohio and the Keystone State, and young Iowa, too,
Are shouting to the Badger boys, "Stand fast; be firm,
be true!"

WISE, JOHN BROWN AND MASON.

Governor Wise hung old John Brown,
Because Ossawattamie touched a trigger
That Wise thought might release a nigger ;
And so they choked Brown off at Harper's Ferry,
And all the F. F. V.'s thereat made merry.
"He broke the laws," they gravely said,
"And if old Brown is laid by—dead,
Why then the majesty of the law is vindicated,
Do n't you see ?
And Mason, who was christened Jim—
(Ah, how it thrills the heart to think we've got him,)
He made a long report from that Committee, *
From which there cropped out neither sense nor pity.

* Mr. Mason was a Senator from Virginia at the time John Brown was hung, and wrote the report concerning his raid upon Harper's Ferry. After the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, and Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, were sent out as Commissioners to France by the Confederate Government. They took passage on the English steamship *Trent*, but were seized on the high seas by an American man-of-war and sent to Fort Warren, where they were detained for some time. Upon the demand of the British Government, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, ordered their release.

He wrote, "Armed resistance to the public good
Is treason! Let its penalty be blood!
And with great horror Mason's tongue did wag on
About old Brown's attempt to tip Virginia's wagon.

Suppose a case:

Suppose, upon some dreary night,
When yon pale moon has hid her light,
When all the stars are blotted out,
And clouds go rev'ling in their rout,
When weird whisperings haunt the ears,
And fill the soul with vaguest fears,—
Up at Fort Warren, Mr. Mason—
As glum and silent as a bison,
Deprived of banjo and of fiddle—
He goes to bed at length with Slidell,
And sleeps a troubled, dreamy sleep.

He dreams! Before his noble eyes
The vine-clad hills and purple skies
Of foreign lands—of sunny France—
In mildest, gayest mood do dance;

And, as he sets his foot on shore,
Grateful to think the voyage o'er,
Laughing to know Atlantic's waves
Roll 'twixt himself and Lincoln's slaves,
He wakes; and as he turns him o'er,
Old John Brown's ghost stalks through the door!
And, walking straightway to that bed,
He pulls the clothes off Mason's head,
And, in no deep, sepulchral tone,
Such as ghosts sometimes make their own,
But bows polite—puts his best face on,
Saying, "How do you do, Mr. Mason?
I'm glad to see you, 'pon my soul—
You know I've got a soul, though Wise
Did set it free beneath the skies
Where old Virginia never tires.
But here, within old Bunker's reach,
Where once you made a noble speech,
Perhaps you will tell us what is treason,
I hope you'll speak, good sir, in season!
Of noble blood I make no boast—
I'm but a poor, plain Yankee ghost;
And when this soul stood in its clay,
Before Wise snapped life's thread away,

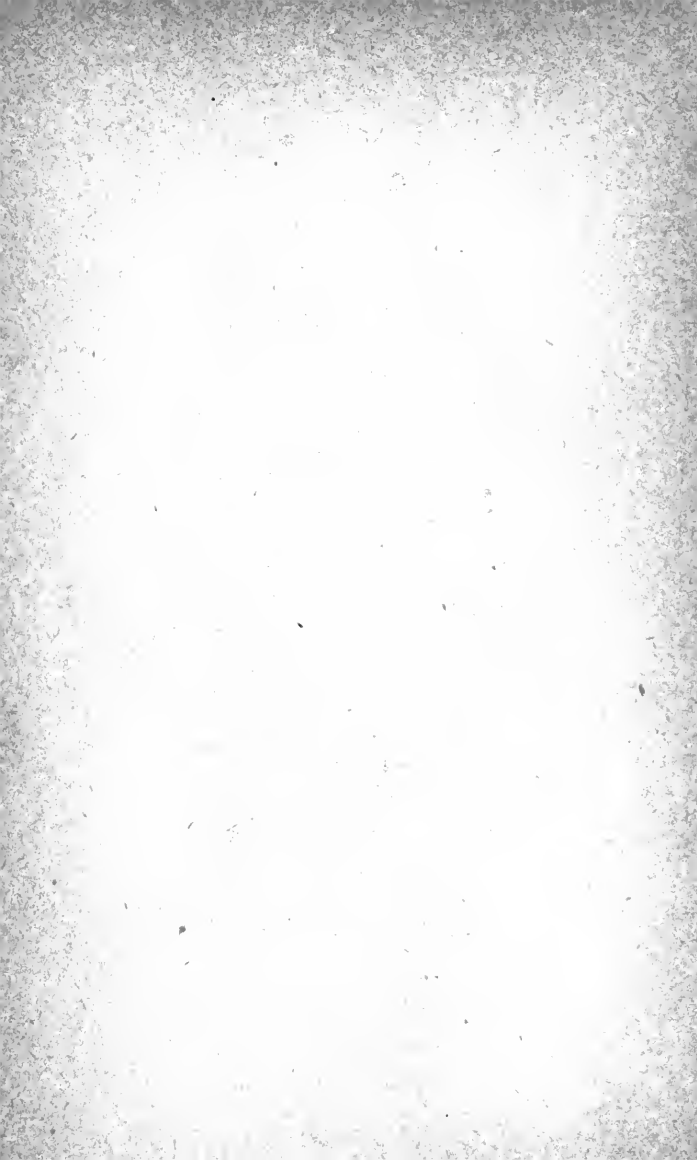
I strove to make God's poor ones free,
And lift them up to liberty !
Men said 't was crime ; and you, sir, reasoned,
In doing that I 'd clearly treasoned ;
But times do change, and so does man—
And tell me, Mason, if you can,
Which, you or time, has changed the most,
And why you seek this northern coast ?
You 've not been stealing slaves, I hope,
To end, as I did, on a rope !”

Fort Warren rang from base to rafter,
With old John's wild and mocking laughter.

PART III.



HUMOROUS POEMS.



HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE TWO HORNS OF TOM BROWN'S DILEMMA.

Did ever I tell you of the sad mishap
That happened out here to a swellish chap
Whose name was Tom Brown—and a deacon's son,
And, although he was *Brown*, he was also "*done*"?

You see he came over on circus day,
Betoggled and dressed in Sunday array :
Taking his "gal" to "the sign of the Bear,"
He took a stroll out on the public square ;
And going up where Ike Root was sellin',
He just went in for a water-melon—
A huge red-core, half as long as your arm,
The very best Ike had raised on the farm ;

And Thomas stooped over among the weeds,
To rid the melon of its shiny seeds,
And, thinking not what would be the effect,
He doubled himself in a crooked aspect,
Fearing, no doubt, that the melon juice
Would soil his dickey for future use!

Across the street, with half-closed eyes,
Stood a masculine goat, stamping at flies,
Silently chewing his grassy cud,
Keeping an eye on a puddle of mud;
And, seeing Tom present this hostile sight,
He stiffened his neck for impromptu fight;
Then running hastily over the track,
He struck 'Thomas Brown on the end of his back!

Up went the melon, seeds, knife and hat,
Before Thomas Brown had time to say "scat!"
And down went Thomas on his hands and knees,
With his coat-tail fluttering in the breeze.
The crowd grew blind with mirthful tears,
And the wicked boys gave the goat three cheers.

The last I saw of Thomas Brown,

He was making tracks for a grocery store—
Tightly holding his coat-tail down,

And swearing as man never swore before.

He “cussed” the boys, and he “darned” the goat,
But kept a firm grasp on the tail of his coat;
For the goat’s two horns, like a pair of shears,
Had made a sad breach in his cassimeres!

A POETICAL LETTER.

DEAR GEORGE :—I was married last night,
To the sweetest and loveliest maid—
Her name was Lucinda Ann White,
Her father a blacksmith by trade.
I courted Lucinda some time,
And I sparked her as well as I could,
As fair as a rose in its prime,
She's not only handsome, but good.

And when the old parson had got
All of us to stand up in a row—
What he said I have really forgot,
For the circumstance flustered me so ;
But after a little, I know,
Lucinda Ann promised for life
To obey me, as onward we go,
So the priest called us husband and wife.

Her mother squeezed out a few tears—
 Why she cried I'm unable to tell;
No doubt the old lady had fears
 I'd not treat her daughter too well.
Her father looked grateful and proud,
 As much as to say, "It is well;
Let the tones of my anvil ring loud,
 Let it sound like a sweet marriage bell."

So after the cake had been passed,
 And after the folks had done kissing,
All the youngsters departed at last,
 Then I saw my Lucinda was missing.
But her mother came round pretty soon,
 And said it was time to retire;
That Lucinda was up in her room,
 (But I wanted to stay by the fire!)

I marched up the stairs like a martyr
 Thinking of faggot and stake,
Wishing the crowd had staid longer,
 Or until the next morning should break;

Then I opened the door on the sly,
And there was Lucinda abed,
And knowing no doubt it was I,
She pulled the clothes over her head.

I took a good look at the bed,
And saw on the floor queerish linen—
I must not tell everything, George,
Or else you will call me a villian ;
But I thought if I took off my clothes,
Lucinda might get up before me,
And if she got into my pants,
All the men in creation would bore me:

So I rolled myself up in a quilt,
And laid myself down on the floor—
Dear George, you'll excuse me I think,
For I never was married before.
But don't tell of this for your life ;
I know if I live till to-night,
I'm determined to sleep with my wife—
Pray keep this from old Mrs. White !

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

(The Hon. John Y. Smith, who was editor of the Madison *Argus*, and one of the soundest men in Wisconsin, offered himself as an independent candidate for the office of Bank Comptroller, whereupon Pump Carpenter, then *sub rosa* of the *Patriot*, set himself up for State Prison Commissioner, for the reason, as Pump said, that Smith would send all the bankers to Waupun, and he ought to be there to take care of them.)

Says Pump to John Y., "You cannot deny

But from lowest estate I have risen ;

You ought, from the ranks, to be placed o'er the banks,

And *I* ought to go to—State Prison !"

"Ah, yes," said John Y., to Pump in reply,

"If the people did but understand us,

There is n't a doubt but the plan you've marked out

Would be about where they would land us !"

*ONE HUNDRED DEGREES IN THE
SHADE.*

Gracious! This weather is confounded hot!

Which can be proven by my good friend Wheeler,
Who does the local sometimes—sometimes not;

He wrote the “Chronicles,” a sort of feeler
For Western fame; and has it, too, if one may guess
By what is said of it by all the local Press.

Wheeler, come out and bring a fount of soda—

But one thing I will whisper here, *sub rosa*—
Leave Angeline at home, and also Rhoda,
Tell them when men are gone things are so cozy.
Then a-fishing we will go, wheresoe’er you like,
You may keep the suckers, and I will take the pike (?).

But I should like to see the chap whose grit

Is fierce enough, in this infernal weather,
At that old desk to undertake to sit,

Chained down, as old Brooks used to tie his wether;
Prometheus like, you are bound to dullest prose,
While globes of perspiration trickle off your nose.

There's white-haired Rublee, of the State Journal,
Who writes like rolling off a greasy log,
And reading it, one swears by the Eternal—
As Jackson did, who was a wicked dog,
How passing strange it is those clever fellows
Should write such good stuff, unless they're blown by
bellows!

And I'll be dogged if Pomeroy, who was witty,
And wrote sharp things before this dreadful weather,
Hasn't given out and melted! What a pity!
No more he'll come to time with "Brick Dust" or a
ditty,
But all his heavy work is like a feather!
Take my advice, dear Brick, and soak your massive
head
Beside some raft in rolling Mississippi's bed.

I pity people who have got the itch,
And cannot scratch because they are so lazy;
If one was but a fool, like Tommy Fitch,
Or, better still, like Billy Johnson, crazy,
Why, then he would not know the weather is so hot,
Nor that the atmosphere is boiling like a pot!

Gracious ! I cannot write ! I 'm all a-lather ;

Besides, old Hunks is coming up the stairs—

I wish the dickens had him and his blather ;

How true misfortunes always hunt in pairs.

I wish that I could live where Sir John Franklin died,

I 'd bathe these burning limbs in Arctic's frozen tide.

*AN EDITOR'S REVERIE OVER A BATCH OF
LETTERS.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

High sails the Moon, the Queen of Night,
And bathes the city in her light ;
The streets are silent once again,
No more disturbed by tread of men ;
The stars are on their glorious track,
But we from all their beauty back
Must turn, to pen and written page,
Of peasant, statesman, and of sage,
And by this glittering *gas*-tly taper,
Do our work upon the paper.

I.

First, a sweet maid at Beaver Dam
Writes us a line about her Sam,
Who, she says, upon her honor,
Has put this shameful slight upon her—

To-wit : After courting her all winter,
He's now waiting on Susan Taintor ;
And both are often seen together,
Walking out in pleasant weather,
And when the night is dark and late,
He kisses Susan o'er the gate.
Now this maiden wants to know
If she shall not let Samuel go
To grass, and find another chap,
And, if he's constant, set her cap ?
Of course we're free to give advice,
Without money and without price ;
And we should say this naughty man
Better get Susan if he can ;
And our correspondent fair,
If Sam should come to see her there,
Then in his face the door must slam,
And say, " Begone, you Beaver Damn"—(ite).

II.

Here's another, Do n't we know it ?
This is written by a poet,
When his eye, in a fine frenzy—

Unless he's got the influenza—
Rolls aloft towards Parnassus,
Which he scales with his Pegasus,
Or, if we judge him by his speed,
He's riding a velocipede.
He says he "writ" it in great haste,
Because he'd not much time to waste,
But if we pay him well for these,
He will try and write to please ;
And our paper will be better
By printing his poetic letter.

III.

And now we take another up—
A man has lost his terrier pup,
The color black, the nose turned up ;
Cropped of ear and short of tail,
Aged six months, and a male,
Knows good victuals like a book,
Answers to the name of "Snook" ;
At fighting he's no small potatoes,
Can whip his weight in alligators.
Can't we advertise the critter,
And take a pup from the next litter ?

IV.

In this a woman wants divorce ;
The man is drunken, brutal, coarse,
The wife would feign conditions alter,
And slip her matrimonial halter,
And seek again those pleasant springs
Where Hymen leaves behind no stings.
There is no money to divide,
Only they two and one beside,
But that *one* ? Ah, there's the rub,
What will become of little bub ?
Can't *we* take this human splinter,
And make of him a first-class printer ?
A follower of Guttenberg
She wants her son, Tom McClurg, to be.
And then she tells us how her life
Was free from misery and strife,
Until she gave her hand away,
And since has seen no happy day ;
Things have gone from bad to worse,
And now she seeks to end the curse,
By calling back her misspent love.
We have no answer to the above,

But drop the letter in the basket,
With a wish she had not asked it.
Oh, Cupid, Cupid! Art thou blind,
Or filled with malice toward our kind,
That thou should'st make a fearful blunder,
And tear our heart-strings all asunder?

A VALENTINE AND ITS ANSWER.

An impressible bachelor addressed the following lines to a dashing young widow on St. Valentine's day :

TO ST. VALENTINE.

Upon this day, when all the lads and lassies
Tell thee, St. Valentine, how their love surpasses

All other loves, oh Saint, may I not tell
How Love's torch in my heart has lit a flame
For one—best of her sex—a beauteous dame,
Who doth upon the mem'ry's tablet dwell ?

Dear Saint, help me to win the citadel
Of her heart, and I'll ever bless thy name,
And herald it upon the trump of fame!

A stranger I, who ne'er in friendly grasp
Have held her dear hand, or felt its thrilling clasp,
And from her eye have only caught one beam,—

Have but once gazed upon her blushing cheek,
Her rosy lip, her winning smiles—that speak
 To my charmed heart, and fill it with a dream
 Of untold happiness, that makes it seem
As though an angel form from Paradise,
Had with her beauties gladdened my poor eyes.

I've been in camps and on the field of death,
Have felt the "shattering shell's volcanic breath,"
 Have heard the long roll beat "war's wild alarms,"
Calling the soldier to the battle line,—
But Saint, I'd rather hear that voice of thine,
 From Love's own camp call out, "To arms!
 And thou shalt win the maid with all her charms,
To love thee all thy life, for she'll be thine
In truth; be thou her faithful Valentine."

At thy call, dear Saint, how quick to *arms* I'd fly,
And for the dear one's love do anything—but die!
 And if I won, what happiness were mine!
To love, and to be loved by her, were bliss
Indeed, and then to sip the nectared kiss

Upon her rosy lips I'd ne'er decline,
But ever bless thy gift, St. Valentine,
With all the love of my poor heart, and seek
No other rose than that upon her cheek.

CHEROKEE.

This musical epistle the lady sent to the author with the request that he would make an appropriate rejoinder. He returned the subjoined :

TO "CHEROKEE."

Dear Sir : 'Tis vain I seek to know your name—

I cannot guess it by your style or measure,
But your kind words have set my soul aflame
With passions that my reason cannot tame,
And which I now acknowledge without shame,

And long that you shall own me for your treasure ;
I hail the gods that did not wait or faint,
But made good Valentine our glorious Saint !

I like your story and I like your taste,

And "Mrs. Cherokee" would suit me quite ;
But now I beg of you to make due haste,

And wed me ere my love shall run to waste,
And let us live the bliss I cannot write ;
Come down to-morrow with your bow and arrow,
And let us live awhile on love's own marrow !

Ah, who can paint the joy when in our wig-
Wam we shall eat our humble evening meal ?
But when there 's fire-water 'neath your wig,
And you begin to dance a drunken jig,
Or with your tomahawk of burnished steel,
You smash my skull in, in your drunken revel,
No doubt I 'd think you then a savage devil !

I think I see you now in gorgeous paint,
Dressed in a breech-clout made of buckskin leather ;
And stalking forth as stately as a saint,
You tread the war-path with no sad complaint,
While from your hair protrudes the eagle feather—
Free as your native hills, where sweetest posies blow,
And most as naked, if I dared to tell you so.

And I would be your squaw, without a hoop—
Except the war-whoop of your ancient tribe ;
The sap trough I would hollow with a scoop,

And tie my blanket in a simple loop,

As at my back the pappoose of our tribe
Should stick its head above its flimsy coop,
While from a recent dog I boiled your soup!

But there is one thing more—a mere iota,

That I must know before I wed you :
Was my “Big Injun” one of that vile quota
That murdered helpless babes in Minnesota,
And scalped the women who had kindly fed you ?
If you had any hand in that foul work,
The “arms” I’d call you to would be a dirk!

But no! Forgive me, my good “Cherokee,”

I pray you pardon this poor weak distrust ;
Oh, let us fly where you and I shall be
From Fashion’s cold restraint forever free—

Where all is simple love and purest trust ;
Then we shall dwell apart from this world’s scorn,
And I will wed you, darling—in a horn !

A PARODY.

(The following parody of Leigh Hunt's famous poem, "Abou ben Adhem," was written on reading the trial of a man for selling lager beer without a license, who was acquitted on the ground that beer was not an intoxicating beverage.)

Johnny B. Johnson—may his tribe increase—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, beside a table sitting near,
A German angel, drinking lager beer,
And writing fast within a book of gold.
The recent verdict made said Johnny bold;
He asked, "What do you write?" The angel made a
 pause,
Then said, "The names of those who love the temper-
 ance cause,"
"And is mine there?" "I cannot find it here!"
"Then write me one who sells the best of beer."
The angel vanished; but she came next night,
And filled the room with a great wak'ning light;
She showed the names of those who were so blest,
And lo! said Johnny's name led all the rest!

THAT FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZE ADDRESS.

(Messrs. Hurd & Riley, managers, offered a prize of fifty dollars for a poem to be read at the opening of the Academy of Music. Twelve poems were offered to the committee, which consisted of five well known Milwaukee lawyers.)

Five lawyers, all adepts in Blackstone's art,
But not that other art with "stone" left off,
Are asked by Hurd & Riley to take part
And give their theatre an easy start ;
To sit in judgment round the golden trough,
Where poets come to feed, with frenzy in their eyes,
And bring their labored lines to win the offered prize.

The prize is fifty, and the lines the same ;
No matter if they do exceed that number,
Some clever man will win a deathless name,
And write his there, upon the scroll of fame,
Where those the ages love delight to slumber ;
And all the coming bards, among the great and just,
Will make his grave their Mecca, worshiping his dust !

And by "his dust," I do not mean the gold
That he may win through this astute Committee;
Nor when he writes his fifty "links," all told,
Worth just one dollar each in Riley's gold,
Or lugs in Shakspeare's characters of old,
To please the literati of a city,
Who know too well a poem from a ditty;
But by "his dust," of course I mean his last remains,
Such as people worship who've got more cash than
brains!

The verses must be blank—and so the prize
Shall be to many who will strive to win it;
And they, no doubt, will read in blank surprise
The verdict, and —— the judges eyes
With disappointment they cannot disguise,
And swear they know there's some collusion in it!
They think their verses are immortal as the stars
That burn within the range of Neptune, or of Mars!

And so these legal savans leave their writs,
And find eleven cases on the docket—
Eleven poems from Wisconsin wits,

All filled with figures bold and clever hits;
And to decide before the money quits

Young Riley's purse, to find another pocket,
Is why this grave Committee sits.

If one's a line too long, why they must dock it,
And not allow the Stage to swindle from the Muse,
But see the bards get out of Riley all their dues.

"All hail the Stage! the world epitomized—" *

Begins the Chair, the dignified Judge Hubbell.

Cries one, whose wits good brandy has capsized,

"Hold on! 'All hail the *stage*?' Why, I'm (hic) s'prised!
That fellow's cussed fool! can't be disguised.

'Hail the *stage*?' — likely we'll take the trouble
To 'hail a stage,' when Col. (hic) Walker runs the cars;
It's much the cheapest (hic)—besides, it saves the jars!"

"For like produces like by fixed law," *

The Chairman reads again, nor heeds the talking—

"Yes, it's a fact—zoological law,

He's right there, every time; (hic) who ever saw

* Copied from the Prize Address.

A tiger in his life, without a paw
With which to do his regular walking?
Or unfledged birds who had not learned to caw?
He's right there, gentlemen—no use talking,
I move he wins the prize (hic). Say, Pratt, what d' you
think?
Is n't he great on sausage (hic)—that is to say, on links?

“Of histrionic art and poet's bays—” *
“Egad! I like that—it's very clever;
Our bards are bound to live out all their days,
If they can drive about their spanking bays.
Always liked the color (hic)—hate iron grays—
Good for Kenosha (hic) now or never!
(Do n't care a cuss what Pratt or Hubbell says),
Should be well matched, and gentle in their ways.
I say, old Judge, let's put these poems in your hat,
And 'dopt the one that's first picked out by Pratt!”

Immortal gods! ye nurtured Hood and Keats,
And gave to merry Burns ambrosial marrow—
Are there no longer rich Parnassian sweets,

* Copied from the Prize Address.

Such as the Muses' offspring ever eats,
Reserved for us? Or have the udder's teats,
At which the poets nurse, gone dry or farrow?
So when our striplings suck they get no succor!
Though one gets fifty for a mental pucker!

*A DOG-GEREL PROTEST AGAINST THE
DOG LAW.**

There met last night, just after dark,
Under the trees in the Capitol park,
A lot of brutes, of the tribe of bark,
 To hold a grand convention.

There were dogs in black, and dogs in bay,
Young Bose, and Towser, and old dog Tray—
The very one, so the books do say,
That got a terrible whaling one day,
Because his company was too gay ;
A thing not uncommon, by the way,
 But a very slight indiscretion ;
And stopping to see what was the matter,
I overheard a general clatter
About that dog law in the Senate,
And its advocate, Mr. Bennett !

So, just before the Moon was up,
Or the Great Bear had dipped his cup,

* Written while the dog law was before the Senate.

Appeared a solemn-looking pup,
Whose tail was bobbed and hairy ;
And putting on a pompous air,
He called a Bull Dog to the chair,
Who looked as if he did n't care
A "cuss" for anybody there.
A setter was Secretary.

The Chairman gave a hasty growl,
As from his eyes there flashed a scowl,
His fellows answered with a howl,
As he took up the gavel ;
And each one sitting on his rump—
Except the Speaker on the stump,
Who proved himself a perfect trump—
They sat round in the gravel.

"Dogs:" said he, "of every class,
Dogs, whose collars are of brass,
Who live on mutton fed on grass,—
In yonder Senate, where they gas,
Strange events have come to pass!"
"Hear! Hear!" they barked together.

“I swear it by yon moon so pale!
I swear it by my bushy tail!
That they have got a bill by Tayl—
—Or some other old bell-wether,
By which they think to use us up,
From oldest dog to youngest pup—
All, all must drink of Lethe’s cup,
We must all die together.

“I sat last night within the bar,
And heard the mighty ones who spar,
Until the heavens seemed to jar,
About the rights of niggers;
But now they’ve turned Sambo away,
And taken up ’gainst old dog Tray,
Swearing that they will kill and slay
Each dog that happens in their way,
With poison, clubs and triggers!

“They seemed to think of nought but wool,
Of pretexts they are always full,
Declaring war on Trip and Bull,
Old Watch, and Buck, and Nero;

Each one did seem to take his fill,
Tearing away at dogs, until
There arose little Senator Gill,
Who gave the Woolly Heads a pill,
And, for all I know, is talking still,
Speaking like a hero!"

Three barks were had for Mr. Gill,
And promptly echoed by the hill.

Bull Dog sat down, when there sprang up
A dirty little brindle pup :

"I tell you now, I think it best
That we shall make a strong protest
Against the action of the Senate,
As modified by Mr. Bennett ;
And then, if they should not abate,
We'll put a mad dog at the gate,
And if they happen to be late,
A story sad they may relate ;
He'll snap the legs of every man,
And they may kill him if they can,
Down with them all, from Fratt to Cox,
We'll chaw their hogs and kill their flocks ;

We'll stray into their cellar passage,
If they make us into sausage.
As death's the doom of every one,
A short life and a merry one!
And for the strychnine they give Toby
We'll pay 'em back in hydrophobia!"

Loud struck the faithful city clock,
Loud crowed the lusty Shanghai cock,
As on the air, so calm and still,
Three cheers arose for Mr. Gill;
And curling tails upon their backs,
They stealthy homeward made their tracks;
When, finding Farmer Brown asleep,
They turned aside and killed his sheep!

SOMETHING.

(Written on the back of a stump-tail one-dollar bill during the bank panic in 1862.)

One more unfortunate
Cannot be passed,
And the confidence game
Is ended at last.

Pay it out tenderly,
Change it with care—
Printed so splendidly,
With the name of Eau Claire !

Do n't you remember
How broker and banker—
How Mitchell, and all of them—
All those who hanker
After the life blood of us,
Declared that December
Would see them receiving this
As good legal tender ?

Alas! for the rarity
Of banker's charity!
What monstrous disparity
 Between rich and poor!
Alas! for secession,
And that woeful expression—
 "At par, till December!"

Pity the stump-tail
 Wild-cat and pup;
Though now it is down,
 Once it was up,
And the profits came swimmingly
 Out of the poor,
And bankers looked smilingly
 Out of the door.

Pay this out hurriedly—
 Do n't wait a minute,
For nobody knows
 How much value is in it.
If your neighbor would borrow
Of you till to-morrow,

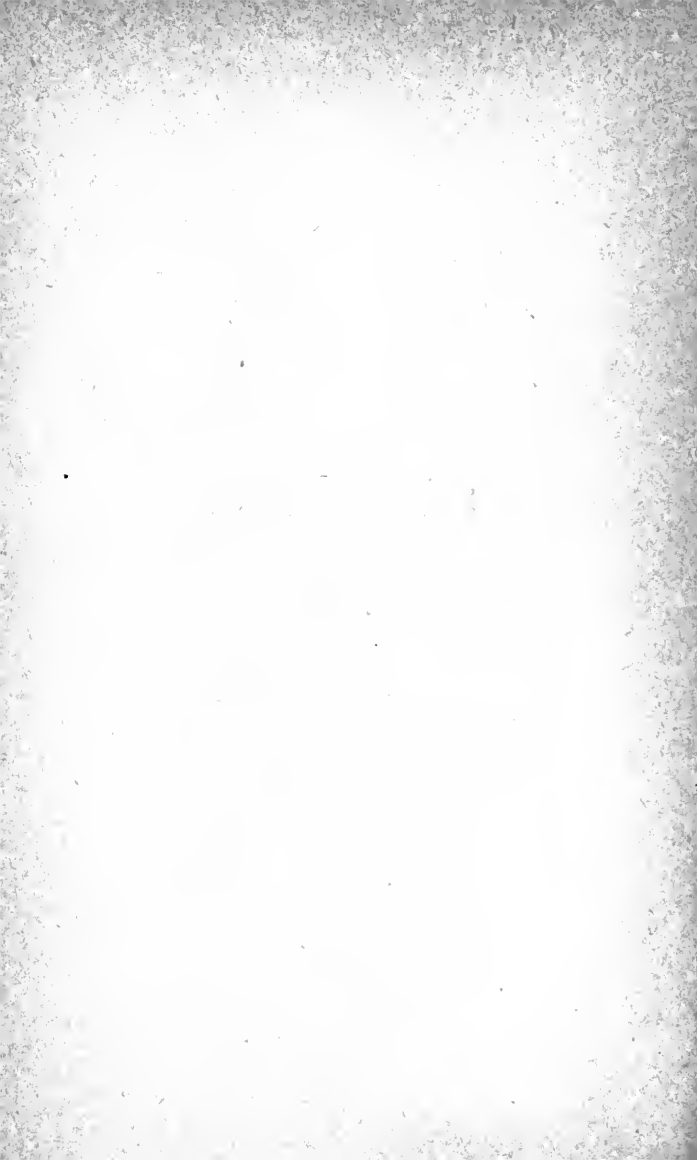
Don't cause yourself sorrow,
And refuse his request ;
 Lend it all,
 Spend it all,
It is par till December.

Pity the bastard,
 It's got nary a "par,"
It's doomed to be plastered
 At home and afar.
Pay it out quickishly,
Fairly—not trickishly,
 Making a note of it.
Pay it out tenderly,
 Change it with care,
Printed so splendidly,
 With the name of Eau Claire.

PART IV.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS.



LIFE.

We are launching our ship on the ocean of Time,
Hope stands at the helm with her gay pennant
streaming,
And her prow points away to that fanciful clime,
Where the mirage of Paradise looms in the gleaming!

And we talk of the golden sands under her keel,
Of the beautiful islands we pass in our sailing,
And the haven of faith where her anchor will feel
The rest that poor mortals are ever bewailing.

Oh, the sea is like glass, and the winds sweet and fair,
Filling our sails with the brightness of glory ;
And the syrens of hope make enchanting the air,
As we glide with the spell of their wonderful story.

But the beautiful ship that Youth sent to the sea,
To bring back rich freight from the shore of success,
Is drifting in fragments upon the bleak lee,
And the solitude smothers the cry of distress.

And Patience her vigil keeps there by the beach,
And peers for the sail that is never returning,
With her eyes dim with age and the sea-bird's wild
screech,
No answer comes back to the call of her yearning.

*HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART
SICK.*

'Twas in the merry month of May,
That Robert Treat and Katy Clay
Returned from church one Sabbath day.

And when the Sun had hid his face,
And tea was taken after grace,
The old folks sought their beds apace.

But not until old Deacon Clay
Had been prevailed upon to say
That Kate might marry Bob some day.

So Bob proposed, if not too soon,
The wedding day should be in June.
(The maiden hummed an old church tune.)

Or, if 't were better to delay,
Then have it Independence Day—
A time all glorious and gay.

If that's too soon, then brown October,
When Kate's young brother, a bold rover,
Had promised to return more sober.

Just then the Moon hid in the west,
A curly head dropped on his breast—
“Dear Bob, *I* like *this* month the best!”

So, to conclude: In church one day,
The parson *Treat*-ed Katy Clay
To a new name, in the month of May.

MORAL.

Young man, the moral of this lay
Is that you shall not brook delay,
When talking of your wedding day,
But face the music right away.

THE SNOW-STORM.

See how it snows—

How it whirls,

And how it blows.

See the girls,

With their curls,

Turning gray ;

Their cheeks are all aglow,

In contrast with the snow,

And they laugh and they chat

As they go.

Boys are off to school,

Through the drifts ;

Mittens tied together

With a woolen tether,

Scorning wind and weather,

And the snow ;

With dinner-pail and sled,

Plunging over head—

Over head and ears in snow !

Here is Farmer Gray,
 With his sleigh,
 And on the hay
 Sits Katy Gray,
Grayer than old Gray,
But not a tenth as old.
She is crying with the cold,
But her mouth is now made up
 For a smile.

And the horses are as white
As a ghost at dead of night,
 With the snow ;
And the bells are still as mice—
Do n't you see they 're full of ice,
 Ice and frozen snow ?
And their smoking necks they shake,
But no music can they make
With those strings of frozen bells.

See, how it snows,
 And how it sifts,
 How it eddies
 Into drifts,

With a whirling, circling gust,
Round the corner of the house ;
And the panes are covered deep,
So the children cannot peep
 Through the glass ;
And the wind goes sighing by,
With its burden from the sky,
Its clouds of feathery snow,
Whirling, filling, sifting,
Fleecy showers drifting—
 See, see it snow !

THE MAIDEN OF TWENTY-EIGHT.

Why does no lover stop at the gate,
To court this maiden of twenty-eight ?
Her eyes are soft and her soul is chaste,
With plump, round limbs and a slender waist,
A cultured mind and a critic's taste,
A wealth of affection going to waste ;
Yet over her hangs some fiat of fate,
That keeps her a maiden at twenty-eight.

She lacks not beauty, she lacks not wit,
Her heart is true, and not counterfeit ;
And the soul in her eye is forever lit
With the lustre of virtue back of it ;
Her lips are ripe as a cherry in June,
And her voice has caught the winsome tune
Of the birds that sing in the summer air,
And the gold of the sun rests down on her hair ;
And yet, as things go, it is getting late .
For my friend, the maiden of twenty-eight.

And the seasons come and go apace,
But on this virgin they leave no trace,
Not a furrow on her handsome face,
Nor yet take from her a single grace,
But she seems to ripen in the race
With Time's swift feet's relentless pace,
Never more fair than at the present,
But somehow neither prince nor peasant
Stops his horse at her cottage gate,
To woo this maiden of twenty-eight.

And the fields and woods are all aglow
With the breath of spring that makes them so;
The blossoms of summer come and go,
And the wintry sky is filled with snow;
And the hopes of mortals rise and fall,
'Tis the wish of Him who made us all;
But disappointment seems to wait
On this maiden fair of twenty-eight.

She sings her songs, but no lover hears,
No heart is touched by her girlish tears;
Patiently waits through the lapse of years,

And gives no voice to her brooding fears.
What spirit of evil comes to spoil
And break the thread of life's tangled coil ?
Is there no one in want of a mate,
Who will seek this maiden of twenty-eight ?

What hast thou in store, O dull-eared Fate,
For this maiden fair who must watch and wait ?
Will she find some time the other part
Of herself, in a manly, loving heart ?
Are the matches made in Heaven above,
And are angels directing the course of love ?
Does the vulgar hind who woos his mate,
As well as my lordship of high estate,
Follow the beck of some unseen fate
That puzzles us all with its strange debate ?

WINTER.

Old Winter is dead, that grave old man,
Whose locks were so white and gray ;
He looked all the while so pale and wan,
And Spring, we fear, with her watering-can,
Helped him out of the way.
But he was a cold, frozen-hearted old man—
I heard Nature say.

He lingered awhile, and then he died,
Lamented by many a beau ;
December wrung her hands and cried,
But March, with cold, hard-hearted pride,
Dropped not a tear, or even sighed
To see the old man go ;
But his death is noticed, far and wide,
With heart-felt woe.

We'll see him no more—he is dead and gone,
No longer troubled with care ;
But perhaps his son will come along
Next fall, to cheer the busy throng,
And gladden the hearts of the fair ;
Then go to the place where his fathers have gone—
They'll welcome him there.

But Spring, the coquette, will soon rue the day
That she drove the old fellow away,
For June so soon comes after May,
And she without regret or delay,
Will drive her far, far away,
And she, like Winter, must wend her way
Along Time's pathway.

Then Summer, the manhood of the year,
Will reign triumphant his day ;
And while he sojourns amongst us here,
Many a tie of kindred dear
Will be broken, while they, cold on the bier,
Will be carried away to decay,
And we left to hope, and dream, and fear,
Our lives away.

HOUSE CLEANING.

No peace, no rest,
For child, or guest ;
No pleasant smiles or chat,
No gossiping of this or that,
At noon or night,
But a bitter blight,
Like a sombre pall,
Has fallen upon all,
And the dark domestic sky
Rumbles,
And grumbles,
And thunders with electric passion shocks,
While from turret to foundation-stone the once-happy
cottage rocks.

Such a ripping
Up of carpets from the floor—
Such a dripping
Of suds, and sands from the shore ;

Such a scrubbing
Of every nook and crevice round the door—
Such a rubbing
Must last, methinks, forevermore !

In the parlor, in the hall,
In the chambers, great and small—
Confusion reigneth over all ;
Even the pictures on the wall,
At this potent bugle call,
Come down and stack themselves upon the floor,
And tables tip as ne'er before,
While chairs are stacked before the door,
And books in calf and sheep,
Are shaken from their sleep,
And heaped like Alps on Alps.

No after-dinner snooze,
No papers to peruse,
If you choose ;
No dessert at the meal,
No matter how you feel,
But eat what you catch ;

And with your finger on the latch,
You mutter an imprecation
On the horrid situation,
And stalk into the street,
Scowling on all you meet,

But praying for the freedom of the bird,
Within whose quiet nest this dire confusion is not heard.

NEW BOOKS.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS. BY CARRIE CARLTON. Milwaukee: Strickland & Co., 1862.

The Author sends her gift of "Wayside Flowers,"

Culled from life's garden by a dainty hand ;

Each is a gem reared in Parnassian bowers,

Still wet and fragrant with the vernal showers,

To lighten for us some despondent hours,

And turn to gold the spirit's barren sand ;

And wise 'is he who in this world of ours,

Despises not the humblest "Wayside Flowers !"

Beside the poor man's cot the cheerful robin sings

The tunes a thousand robins sang before ;

Shall we despise the gushing melody that springs

From her full throat, and turn the joy it brings

To hate, because she soars not on another's wings,

Or trills not notes ne'er heard upon this shore ?

The Power that gave the nightingale a voice,

Tuned other tongues to make the earth rejoice.

'T is little things that make our lives complete,
And not a battle won within an hour.
The sins we struggle with, the ills we meet,
The cruel snares that trip our wayward feet,
The pelting of the storm, the rattling sleet,
Are turned aside but by a constant power;
And so the sweets we quaff are from life's rill,
And not from oceans that the rivers fill.

There is no aim at high Byronic art,
Nor thundering stanzas in Spencerian style,
But each a lay, uprising from the heart,
As blooming violets from the wayside start,
Each filling up its mission and its part,
And doing that which God designs the while.
The world has many needs, and happy he
Who gives it joy with humble minstrelsy.

*THE LATE HON. C. C. SHOLES.**

* * * * *

I drop my numbers to a minor key,
To speak of him whose tender memory
Is like a brother's to us, every one.
But now, since he is gone, and death has won,
Shall we not keep forever on our rolls,
And make immortal there, the name of Sholes?
He was my friend and yours—the friend of all,
Whose ear was ever open to the call
Of human sympathy and human love.
He stood upon our soil a pioneer—
How much we owe him doth not yet appear;
One of the first to wield a trenchant pen,
Its stroke was ever for the good of men.
His was an honest, sturdy, truthful soul,
As true to right as needle to the pole.
We lay the cypress on his vacant chair,
And turn to our own work with earnest prayer,
That each may be as patient, strong and good
As he whose absence mars our brotherhood.

* An extract from a Poem read before the Editorial Association in 1869.

*TO HORACE RUBLEE, ON HIS DEPARTURE
FOR SWITZERLAND.*

Rublee, the time has come to break the spell,
And Pen and Press unite to say farewell ;
The voice of duty calls, and you obey,
Vain are regrets upon this parting day.

In Zarmatt's vales, or by the falls of Aar,
Or where the vine-clad slopes of Jura are,
While gazing on the snow-capped peaks of Berne,
Our prayers will follow wheresoe'er you turn.

Blow, prosperous winds, and fill his spreading sails,
Bear him o'er calmest seas with gentlest gales,
To that abode beside sweet Alpine heights,
And fill his soul with new and strange delights.

O Switzerland ! Land of historic Tell !
Give joy to him the West sends there to dwell ;
His pen, so long aflame with words that burn,
Is lying idle, waiting his return.

BEN SKINNER AND THE SNAKE.

There was a man—a gray old sinner,
Whose name, for short, was called Ben Skinner ;
Who never dared to eat his dinner
 Without a drop of brandy,
Or something else to kill the gripe
That always reveled in his tripe,
And some excuse had this old snipe
 For keeping his liquor handy.

And so old Ben was always telling—
Whene'er you spoke of liquor selling,
As in his eyes the tears were welling,
 (His eyes were always weeping)
How drink was good if one was hot,
Or when so freezing cold you got,
You'd better take a nip than not,
 The equilibrium keeping.

He said he held in high esteem,
The water in the limpid stream ;
For washing feet or making steam,
 Nothing he higher prized ;
But for a common kind of drink,
He could not bring himself to think—
Just here he gave a knowing wink—
 That gin should be despised.

One day old Ben had been to town,
And treated every man he found,
Until there lay upon his crown
 A brick of large dimensions ;
And getting most sublimely tight,
This old, barefooted, tipsy wight
Staggered homeward ere the night
 Should block his good intentions.

Old Ben felt tired ere he got
Half way across the pasture lot,
He thought within himself 't was best
To stop awhile and take a rest.

So, sitting down upon a stone
With moss and ivy overgrown,
He said the jug would be more light,
While drinking might improve his sight,
If he should put within his skin
A little more of strychnine gin.

A brilliant-colored rattlesnake
Lay basking by that stone, awake.
More beautiful his golden dyes
Than when a netted dolphin dies ;
More gorgeous far his spots of green,
Than fascinated bird had seen ;
With tapering neck and flattened head,
He lay there coiled upon his bed ;
The malice of his eye was hid
Beneath the overhanging lid ;
No warning with his tail he rung,
Nor threatened with his forked tongue,
Until upon his snug retreat
Old Skinner dropped his naked feet ;
Then fiercely that dread rattle rang,
And in Ben's heel he stuck his fang.

Old Ben had just wiped out his mouth,
In which he felt the usual drouth,
And elevating jug in air,
He banished trouble, pain and care ;
And turning upward toward the skies
His tear-bedimmed and scarlet eyes,
He took a swig that made him feel
Too good to think of snake or heel ;
Then putting back the cork of wood,
He hurried home as best he could.

The rattlesnake, with glassy eye,
Slowly uncoiled himself to die ;
Too late he felt his doom was cast,
And he had met his fate at last ;
Another way than Scripture said,
Had woman's seed bruised serpent's head.
The little snakelets gathered round
Where writhed the old one on the ground ;
Then turning to its young, the snake
With feeble voice a warning spake :
“ This dying admonition hug—
Don't bite a man who has a jug ! ”

*OLD BROWN'S CARPET BAG.**

Ossawatamie Brown—
He of Kansas renown,
In a small southern town,
Down there at the Ferry,
Has made things go merry,
By unchaining Jerry,
Who is anxious to get back to the Niger;
And this crazy old man,
With his thumb on the trigger,
And a band of eighteen—
Just three whites to a nigger,
Has taken an arsenal, conquered a town,
And frightened the Government all the way down
From Jimmy Buchanan to Henry A. Wise,
Who, when he heard it, went to damning his eyes,

* The letters found in old John Brown's carpet-bag showed that he had been in correspondence with many prominent Abolitionists before he made his raid on Harper's Ferry, and much excitement was the consequence.

And swearing most lustily that he could weep
On seeing the chivalry acting like sheep !

* * * * *

In ancient times there was a pass,
Where fought the brave Leonidas ;
And Spartan soldiers, true as steel,
Ne'er turned on friend or foe the heel.
There at Thermopylea they fell,
As history doth assure us well,
And Waterloo and Bunker Hill
The page of carnage well does fill ;
And song and ballad love to tell
How Andrew Jackson fought so well—
Entrenched behind the cotton wall,
He saw his foeman flee or fall.
But all these battlefields doth pale,
When "Old Virginny" sends her wail,
And her Blue Ridge is all on fire,
When Sambo hears the Northern lyre,
With chains and shackles holds no truce,
The world's agog ! A nigger's loose !
Blow the horn, call out the dogs,

And scent him out from hedge and bogs!
Ah! track him from the deep morass—
That's fitting work for Floyd and Cass.
But ere we let these numbers lag,
We'll speak of old Brown's carpet bag.

And standing there in great surprise,
Was Vallandigham, with staring eyes,
And Hunter, and Mason, and Governor Wise
Exchanging winks quite freely.
Then up to their elbows into the bag
They dive, and tear out every rag—
“Look! here's a letter from Greeley!”
All the Northern men of pith—
Seward, and Hale, and Gerritt Smith—
Are shown to be in complicity with
Old John Brown, the demented;
And Gordon Bennett feels in his tripe
A terrible Union-saving gripe,
And puts in the Herald, in glaring type,
The names of all the lamented;
And earnestly urges Governor Wise
To blow Republicans high as the skies,
Ere Brown he hangs or even tries,

And scare New York with frightful lies,
About Giddings and other murderous spies,
 Into large hunker majorities ;
But terrible news has just been got
That a hundred thousand men were shot—
Not in the neck, but more fatal spot—
 With little paper bullets ;
And the carpet-bag of old John Brown,
As he dying lay in that Southern town,
Was heard to give out an ominous sound,
And Bennett saw rise up from the ground
 A legion of Shanghai pullets !

LINES ON AN EDITOR.

man of truth
A ~~dirty liar~~ is Editor C.,

The greatest beneath the sky ;
And if you offered him mines of gold
For every single ^{fib} ~~truth~~ he told,
You ^{could not depend} ~~might still rely~~ on a lie!

^{true} As ~~false~~ as ^{the needle to the pole,} ~~Judas when he took the sop,~~
He ^{stands by} ~~murders~~ his faith and friends ;
And to ^{no meanness he} ~~the lowest depths~~ descends,
But with great candor, honor
Where ~~billingsgate and falsehood~~ blends—
Of ^{truth} ~~lying~~ he is the soul.

You could not get him to indite
A line he thought ^{untrue;} ~~was true;~~

And he has got it in his heart

To serve the ^{Lord}~~Devil~~ with our art—

A ^{pride}~~shame~~ to me and you.

To prove that ^{there is good in}~~men are~~ ~~minors~~ all,

^{None}~~And~~ totally depraved,

You only need his name to call,

To push your opposer to the wall—

~~And~~ class him with the
~~Hyenas~~ ~~are not~~ saved.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

("Shall I confess it? Yes; I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of unrequited affection."—*Washington Irving.*)

I knew a maiden once, on whose fair brow,
The eighteenth summer just began to dawn,
And shed the graceful charms of womanhood
Upon her sylph-like form. No woodland bird
Had such a voice as she. So sweet was it,
'T would lure an angel out of Paradise,
Did he but hear its matchless melody.

* * * * *

A truant o'er the world I roamed away,
'Till, sick and weary of its hollow sports,
I sought my home again. 'T was Autumn time :
The rose had faded with the north wind's breath,
And all the flowers were dead ; the summer birds
Had taken passage to a warmer clime ;
The forest leaves were yellow with decay ;
I sought the happy one I knew of yore.

The gray old sexton's voice grew tremulous,
And in his sunken eye a tear-drop came—
The sweetest emblem of a feeling heart—
As he, with quivering lip, did point me to
A grave, just newly made. I read its name—
It was the name of her I sought!

“For years,”

The sexton said, “I’ve digged the graves around,
Smoothing the resting place of high and low;
But never did I go about my task
With such a load of grief upon my heart,
As when I made that grave.” The old man wept.

A note was given me. I opened it,
And with an aching heart I traced these words:
“I loved—but loved in vain. ’Tis hard to quit
This fair, bright world so soon; but *he* is false,
And I must die. A poor consumptive now
They call me. I smile, and bless their folly—
The pain is at my heart. Forget me not!

Adieu!”

That grave is green and grassy now.
I love to go, when all the world around
Is wrapt in deepest sleep, and sit me there,
To brood upon the past beside that grave ;
And when the midnight wind's low melody
Breathes forth its melancholy plaint of woe
Among the branches of the tall, dark pine
That gently waves above her lonely bed,
Methinks it is her angel spirit come
To guard the footsteps of her erring friend.

WHAT ANSWER ?

The birds are singing in the trees,
The air is full of hum of bees,
And from the bosom of the seas
My love-song comes upon the breeze.

How bright above us are the skies,
And I can read in those sweet eyes
The answer you cannot disguise,
Although your lips express surprise.

What can I say to one so fair ?
What language shall my wish declare ?
The flowers in your golden hair
Do mock me in my mute despair.

Say *yes*, and love that never dies
Shall be my life's dear sacrifice ;
Till all within the soul replies,
In tones of sweetest melodies.

Say *no*, and hope is henceforth dead,
Affection withers in its bed—
The spirit's joy forever fled—
A sunless, starless life instead!

Say *yes*, and all that wealth has made,
Shall at my darling's feet be laid;
And truth's sweet presence shall pervade
The heart's unceasing serenade.

*WE ALL KNOW WHO.**

Who makes long speeches, somewhat gassy,
In mien and manner frothy, sassy,
Proving that he's always assy?
We all know who!

Who's like a monkey on a pole—
The higher up the more the sole
Of his foot is seen? Upon the whole,
We all know who!

Who, when the members go to caucus,
With much talk is bound to cork us,
Is as nimble as a tortoise?
We all know who!

Who thinks upon his narrow pate
Rest all the cares of this fair State?
And it to save from direst fate,
He's framing bills from dawn till late?
We all know who!

* Referring to a member of the Wisconsin Legislature.

Who sits there smoking in his seat,
As on his desk he rests his feet,
While all his neighbors seek retreat?

We all know who!

We all know who; and yet, and yet,
If I should name him—why, I'll bet
He would blaspheme, and fume, and fret—
Perhaps a flogging I would get,

From—we all know who!

THE OLD BRIDGE.

O do n't you remember the bridge, Tom Brown,
That stood down by noisy Red Mill,
Where white-hatted millers were grinding away,
And the dripping wheel never stood still?
And do n't you remember the day, Tom Brown,
All the boys ran away from Smith's school,
And had a good time on that hot afternoon,
Where the mill threw its shadows so cool?

And don't you remember what pleasure we had,
With our trowsers rolled over our knees,
While chasing the minnows up close to the dam,
Where the water-fall sang to the breeze?
And there was the race, with its mossy old planks
All falling to wreck in the sun,
Where the boy used to hide on a bright afternoon,
When the "old man" should look for his son.

Not a few are the years that have flown, Tom Brown,
 Since we fished from the top of that bridge ;
Not a few are the friends who have laid down in death,
 Ere their pathway reached over life's ridge.
O my eyes will grow dim with the tears, Tom Brown,
 As I call back to mind days of yore ;
And I yearn for the joys of departed years
 That will come back to us nevermore.

THE POET'S REWARD.

A pretty bright lass, with soft smiling blue eyes,
And features as sunny as May,
With lips that were colored in Nature's pure dies,
Asked me, in her own laughing way,
To write her a stanza, extolling *blue* eyes—
Black, hazel or brown, if I chose,
Or anything else, if I'd write it in verse—
She always disliked my cold prose.

And then she looked at me as much as to say,
"You dared not refuse me, I knew!"
I spoke of each color as well in its way,
But ended by praising the *blue*;
So when I had finished it off in good style,
And asked her, What give you for this?
There danced o'er her features a shy little smile,
And she gave me, dear reader, a kiss!

*GOVERNOR BARSTOW'S ADVICE TO HON.
HARRISON C. HOBART.**

Said Barstow to his friend, one day :
"At Horicon the papers say,
That Randall switched you off the track,
And on your friends you turned your back.
Now, Harrison, they say you're sly—
Folks think they see it in your eye ;
And, like the clown within the ring,
Your heels hold in reserve a spring ;
So with a foot upon each nag,
Your head enveloped in a bag,
You change your attitude so quick,
And play the thing so fine and slick,
That people swear they cannot tell

* In 1857, A. W. Randall and H. C. Hobart were opposing candidates for Governor, and stumped the State together. In the discussion at Horicon, Randall pressed his opponent so hard upon questions pertaining to the administration of Governor William A. Barstow, that Hobart declined to defend those transactions, and said some things himself not considered very complimentary to Barstow and his associates. Whereupon Barstow and his ex-Secretary of State, Alexander W. Gray, published a card, denouncing Hobart's course, and refusing to give him their support. I told the story at the time in the *Daily Free Democrat*.

Which of the steeds you ride so well ;
Some think the black, while others say
They saw you mounted on the gray ;
And so you vault from back to back—
Now on the gray, now on the black—
And throwing summersets in air,
While some are ready to declare
That you have never touched a nag,
But swam around, tied in a bag.

Now, Harrison, (your name *was* Hunt)—
Excuse me if I'm somewhat blunt,
But listen to me if you will—
My name, you know, was *always* Bill !
I've never changed it night nor day,
As I can prove by Allick Gray ;
And, Hobart, ere it gets too late,
This little fable I'll relate,
Hoping you'll not let it pass,
But see yourself as in a glass !

One day a woodman—poor, but good—
Was cutting timber in the wood,

And cold and piercing was the breeze
That whistled through the leafless trees ;
The snow lay heavy on the ground,
And all was chill and drear around.
The woodman, turning o'er a log,
Discovered that his faithful dog
Drew from its hiding place a snake,
As dead and stiff as any stake ;
And filled with pity at the sight,
He took the serpent home at night.
His children pausing in their mirth,
He laid the reptile on the hearth,
When, as it felt the genial rays
Of warmth, revived, as though the days
Of summer had come back again ;
When suddenly a cry of pain
Pierced through that frightened household band,
And there upon a young child's hand,
The serpent hung with poisoned fang.
The angry father forward sprang,
And seizing snakeship, in his ire
He dashed it in the raging fire !
And as he saw its body melt,
He cursed the pity he had felt.

Now to conclude: This much I say—
Here is myself and Allick Gray;
And, Hobart, you must not forget
We found you out in cold and wet;
We took you in and warmed you up,
And let you drink from out our cup;
The fable is with meaning rife—
Do n't sting the hand that gave you life!"

•

THE OLD CHECKERED APRON.

A JUVENILE POEM.

That old checkered apron, I remember it yet,
When I used to sit on it as Grandmother's pet ;
Notwithstanding its owner has long since been dead,
I can never forget what a good life she led ;
And I now often think I can see her sit there,
With myself on her lap, in the old rocking-chair.
I would not exchange it for the sage's rich lore—
That old checkered apron which my Grandmother wore.

It is a proud relic of a long time ago,
When I was a stranger to life's cares and woe ;
But the hobby and top then engrossed all my care,
And a fight with the boys, which was not very rare.
And when for my pranks my good mother shook me,
I ran to that apron, for she always took me,
And told me a story to make well the sore,
While I counted the checks in the apron she wore.

When I went to the cupboard her sugar to steal,
And she then caught me at it, O, how I did feel!
And she made it a rule to send me for the stick,
Though I never took pains to get one very thick,
But supposed that a small one would answer as well!
Then I had a long, pitiful story to tell,
And got off by saying, "I will do so no more,"
Then I took a long nap on the apron she wore.

And on Sabbath morning, when I was but a child,
When the birds were all singing so gaily and wild,
Then I went to the porch, where the wind blew so cool,
To sit down beside her, on my own little stool;
So she looked o'er her glasses, and bade me be still,
And then I stopped playing, and was silent until
She read me a story I'd not heard before,
From that good Book which lay on the apron she wore.

'Twas a happy time then—work was thought no disgrace,
And we seldom, if ever, bought ribbons or lace;
But each one was dressed in what grew on the farm,
And no one despised it, or thought it a harm

To be clad all in homespun, from head to the feet,
With an extra silk hat, which was thought quite a treat.
Lean poverty then never looked in at the door,
To see the old apron that my Grandmother wore.

But now I'm surrounded with silks and delaines,
And those sore, gouty toes, all swelling with pains,
And crabbed old gentlemen, who deal heavy blows
On poor Rover's head, if he but look at their toes;
Or, when frisking about, if he tramps on their feet,
He is heartily beaten and kicked in the street.
How much people have altered since those days of yore,
When that old checkered apron my Grandmother wore.

That old checkered apron—though now past its glory,
It gives me a pleasure to tell its plain story;
It brings back to memory sweet childhood's bright morn,
Before I had tasted the world's bitter scorn.
Those old-fashioned days, I must bid them farewell,
But it is with regret, for I loved them so well;
Still, one thing I'll cherish till life's last pang is o'er—
The old checkered apron that my Grandmother wore.

ELKHART LAKE.

One day we fled with willing feet,
From far-spent summer's ceaseless heat,
In city's noise and crowded street,
To find some cool and calm retreat,
Where lazy thought might rest the brain,
And ease erase the labor stain
Of over work ; where loss and gain
Could find no ear for their complaint,
Nor mar enjoyment with their taint ;
Some place where latent echoes lay,
All undisturbed by shrieking neigh
Of iron horse upon its way ;
And where the swift electric fire
Cannot awaken the desire
To know the acts of busy men,
Who drudge and toil with hand and pen ;
But where the sports of stream and field
Their healthful pleasure freely yield ;

To calm the pulses' impatient beat,
And cool the blood's fierce fever-heat,
Bring back to weary eyes the sleep
That childhood knew, but could not keep.

And so two score did undertake
To hide away at Elkhart Lake;
A few whose training was to think,
Came down to wash away the ink
From fingers that had grasped the pen,
And toy with Nature once again;—
We found the cottage on its banks,
And took possession with our thanks.

How passed the days remembrance tells—
Sweet as the sound of marriage bells;
The song of bird in woodland glen,
The search for lilies in the fen;
The low-voiced murmur on the beach
Of waters, like a lover's speech;
The awkward dip of rustic's oar,
Who ne'er had pulled a boat before;
The merry laugh and witty thrust,

And rare aquatic sports discussed ;
The idle anglers holding out
The baited lines to lure the trout ;
The sail-boats beating up the bay,
With maidens' laughing roundelay ;
A farm-lawn just beyond the way,
Alive with youngsters at croquet ;
High banks thick clothed in vernal green,
Are in the placid waters seen—
Sweet Nature's mirror lily-rimmed,
And summer's sky with clouds bedimmed ;
Or when the stars are on their track,
It gives them all their beauty back,
And from the bosom of the lake
We watch the course the planets take.

Sometimes, with noiseless boat we took
The oars, and lines, and angler's hook,
And stole into the quiet nook
Where empties in the laughing brook,—
To sit beneath the shade of beach,
And drop our lines within the reach
Of some shy trout, or cunning bass,

That lets the bait unheeded pass,
With lazy motion of the fin,—
Vainly we tried to take him in,
Until with thrust of flashing steel,
We brought him from beneath the keel.

So lapsed the days. The nights—how rare,
No pen but golden might declare.
We lengthened out the evening hours
For wider range of social powers,
Until the glint of waning moon
Shone on the waters all too soon;
Then sleep and silence held their sway,
Till night was turned again to day.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

When first on Inspiration Point I stood, *
And gazed upon the wondrous vale below,
I said within myself, What hath God wrought ?
No speech there is of man, nor hymn, nor thought,
That can measure Him, or His. Be thou still,
O soul, and with a spirit calm and meek,
Worship Him in truth.

It was the Sabbath ;
A day of charming sky and atmosphere,
To enfold the soul with untold rapture,
In a place like this. In all the wide world,
From shore to shore and pole to pole, no church
Of classic name and old, historic build—

* Approaching the Yosemite Valley by the Mariposa trail, the first complete sight of it is obtained from Inspiration Point, 32,000 feet above the Merced River, and probably the finest view on the North American Continent.

In no cathedral, nor in mosque renowned,
Could the devout and sincere worshipper
Find such a temple for the Most High God
To dwell in.

Who reared these granite pillars
That raise their summits to the very clouds,
And bathe their barren peaks in this pure air ?
No sound of workman's hammer ever broke
Upon the sacred stillness as they grew,
And fashioned in the ages of the past ;
Naught but the will of Architect Divine
Is visible in this exalted work.
Man's puny brain and hand are helpless here ;
He cannot give, but only take the joy
That comes from the One Source of love and pow'r,
And as he kneels to beauty, kneels to God.

I spurred my patient mule along the path
That leads past rocks and trees of mammoth size,
And pines whose ripened cones for centuries
Have dropped, by man unnoticed, to the ground,—
Down the zig-zag trail, with many a turn

And angle sharp, upon the very brink
Of stony precipices, where below
The hungry caverns waited for their prey.
The danger nerves one like the glow of wine,
And with re-echoing shouts to comrades
Who linger lazily upon the way,
From the glib-tongued guide, you reach the valley,
And seek along the Merced's winding banks,
Beneath the shadow of the Sentinel,
The rest and peace from one's long journeying.

For days we loitered in that charmed spot,
And photographed its most delightful views
Upon the background of the memory.
El Capitan, with rugged seams and sides,
Presents you many quaint and comic shapes,
Each holding some tradition for itself,
Within the red man's dark unwritten history.

The dread Pohono of the legend dim—
The Bridal Veil—is swaying in the wind,
Like idle gossamer, a fleecy cloud,
But half concealing Nature's fairest charms,

With rainbow bands encircling it above
The giant crags that stand as groomsmen there ;
Then hides itself forever from the sight,
Within the vernal bosom of the pines
That spread their willing branches underneath,
To clasp the modest bride in close embrace.

Yonder the fall of the Yosemite *
Leaps, in wild beauty, from its giddy height—
A crystal ribbon, flashing in the sun—
To waste itself in spray upon the rocks,
Then forms a cascade when but half way down,
And seeks the Merced's crooked bed below.

In what colossal grandeur tower there
The proud Cathedral Rocks—most fitting name
To bear. And yonder graceful pinnacles,
The Spires, lift up their points to kiss the clouds,
Whose crimson lips the setting sun does tinge.

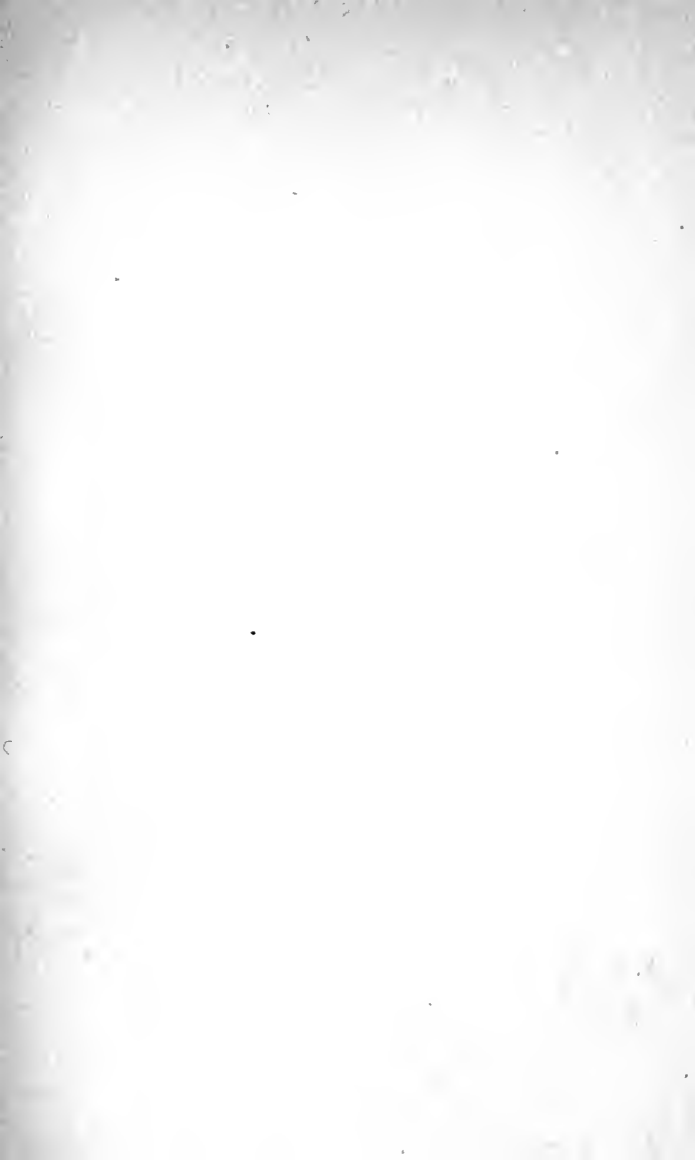
* The first vertical fall is ten times the distance of Niagara. Then the water finds its way in a series of cascades, down a descent equal to 626 feet perpendicular, then gives a final plunge 460 feet more, to the base of the precipice.

Save the fleet step of Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah,
When in search of Tis-sa-ack, whom he loved,
No foot of man on yonder Dome has pressed,
Nor has he read the secret of its page,
Writ there by the slow-moving pen of Time.
Ye hailed the morn when Christ, the Lord, was born,
And heard the chanting chorus of the stars,
That sang of peace on earth and joy to men,
Above the manger where the child was laid.
To thee how fleeting is the race of man !
His ages are but as the morning dew,
And thou hast looked upon them all,
From first to last, and waited for their birth,
While tardy centuries their exit made.

Sometimes, from peak to peak, a bridge of clouds
Would hang suspended in the summer air,
Stretching from dome to laughing waterfall,
O'er which the spirits of the storm might drive
Their rumbling chariots, drawn by the steeds
That wore a harness of electric fire,
Then mounts in upper air, to fly away
And clothe with splendor some majestic crag

Of the far-off Sierras, while the sun
Throws over all his shining robe of light,
And turns their snow-clad tops to burnished gold.

So here we wandered in amazement dumb,
Searching in vain for speech to coin our thought,
As if we had been born into a world
Of such delightful beauty—so sublimely grand,
That sight tied fast the tongue,—but bade us look !
While Nature pressed her finger on our lips !









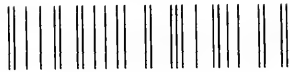




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